SELECT ODES,

AND OTHER

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

Accompanied with NOTES,

CRITICAL, HISTORICAL, AND EXPLANATORY.

To which is added,

A SERIES OF LETTERS.

By the Rev. WILLIAM TASKER, A. B.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

EXETER:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

And sold by J. JOHNSON, *St. Paul's Church-Yard*; J. BELL, in the *Strand*; and J. FOWLER, *Covent-Garden Piazza*; in LONDON: and by R. TREWMAN and SON, in EXETER.

M,DCC,XCII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

Feſtina lentè.

Better late than never.

UNDER cover of the above adages, as under the protection of two ſtrong fortreſſes, the Author once more preſumes to meet his apparently neglected, but he humbly hopes not offended, Subſcribers. They are hereby however aſſured, that the delay proceeded from cauſes, too long and tedious to be here enumerated; and, that eagerneſs to deliver this Volume has curtailed it of ſome ſheets, that were intended to have been added; which contain a Tranſlation of the Argonautic Expedition, as deſcribed by Pindar in his 4th Pythian Ode; an Ode, that for its length, intricacy and obſcurity, has not even

yet been attempted by any one (Mr. Green excepted) among the now pretty numerous tranſlators:—the imperfect ſketch of an attempt towards illuſtrating the Anatomical and Medical Knowledge of Homer, (and the plan, if approved of, will be much extended) has at leaſt a little novelty. For though Pope and ſome others have remarked, in general terms, the great diverſity of wounds and deaths in the Iliad; neither he, nor any of the modern or more antient commentators, (who have frequently given a waggon-load of meaning for many a ſingle word) have ever condeſcended to illuſtrate or explain the medical propriety and anatomical accuracy of any ſingle wound. And this is the more to be wondered at, when we conſider that the operations of ſurgery, the practice of medicine, and the ſcience of anatomy, have, within a century or two, been improved to a perfection which the ſages of antiquity could have little or no idea of.

And

And ſince theſe Volumes are honoured with the names of many very eminent practitioners in almoſt every branch of the healing art, their candour will excuſe any inaccuracies or errors that may fall from his pen, who is only an amateur of the art at large, but no practitioner in any one part of the profeſſion.

It has been often remarked, that a poet, even in the epic or any other poem, ſhould ſpeak very little in his own perſon, and conſequently ſtill leſs in a preface, for if a great book be a great evil, a long preface muſt be a greater—this, however, ſhall boaſt of brevity at leaſt, and the reader ſhall be as little as poſſible anticipated in his judgment, men being ever beſt pleaſed with their own diſcoveries; and no one likes to be told what he ſhall admire.

The author has, indeed, ever wiſhed to deſerve the public favour; and in his former preface had expreſſed a wiſh, that among the many reſpectable perſonages that did honour

to his ſubſcription, he might merit the patronage of one Mœcenas; but now ſince the firſt and greateſt perſonage in the kingdom has given the ſanction of his name to the liſt of ſubcribers, he feels himſelf ambitious of meriting the patronage of a Mœcenas, in the perſon of his moſt GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN.

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Additional Subſcribers

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With many others, whoſe Names ſhall be inſerted in the Third Volume.

N. B. The Subſcriptions will not be cloſed until the Third Volume is compleated; and will continue to be received by the author, and thoſe Bookſellers whoſe Names are printed in the Title-Page.

ERRATA.

Page 6, Note 1ſt, *after* Iſle of *read* Mann
—— 10, laſt line *for* Juſſe *read* Jeſſe
—— 22, line 17, *for* Sea garb *read* Sea green garb
—— 23, line 13, *for* admits *read* admit
—— 46, line 2, *for* dedew *read* bedew
—— 130, line 12, *for* incorporeal *read* corporeal
—— 134, line 23, *for* On proof *read* In proof of

BRITISH
11 JA 77
MUSEUM

AN

ODE

TO THE

MEMORY

OF THE RIGHT REVEREND

THOMAS WILSON,

LATE

LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

SECOND EDITION.

N. B. This Ode was first printed in the Beginning of the Year 1780.

TO

THE REVEREND

THOMAS WILSON, D.D.

PREBENDARY OF WESTMINSTER, &c. &c.

THIS POEM

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY

INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.

AN ODE.

I.

NO:—I invoke not thee, AONIAN MAID!
Tho' duly priz'd and exquiſitely fair;
Tho' PHOEBUS' laurel grace thy flowing hair;
Nor call thy virgin ſiſters to my aid,
Above their fabled ſhades, my thoughts aſpire
To where URANIA ſtrikes th' immortal ſtring;
Oh might I but at diſtance hear, and bring,
With feeble voice adapted to my lyre,
Some ſcatter'd notes of her's from that celeſtial choir!

II.

Not War* alone demands my lays,
Nor Heroes,† whom their Country's plaudits raiſe
High in the Temple of Renown:

Each

* Alluding to the Author's Ode to the Warlike Genius of Great-Britain.

† Alluding to the Author's Ode to Admiral Keppel, &c.

Each milder Virtue, where it lies
Shunning the glare of day, with piercing eyes
Truth ſees delighted; and inſpires the Muſe,
Diffuſing round ethereal dews,
With freſheſt wreath the Brow of Worth to crown.

III.

Since the Bright Star of Goſpel Light
Shone thro' the cloud of Gothic night,
And, with celeſtial radiance, deign'd to ſmile
On Britain's happy iſle:
Since mitred Prelates, at the ſpotleſs ſhrine
Of true Religion bow'd the knee,
And pale-ey'd Superſtition fled,
Where did the Mitre's luſtre fairer ſhine,
(Meekneſs attempering dignity)
Than when with rays divine encircling WILSON's head.

IV.

E'en from his earlier years,
Riſing above the groſſer ſpheres,
To human Science' periſhable lore,
He join'd celeſtial Wiſdom's copious ſtore:

Tho'

Tho' born of high illuſtrious line,
Deſcendant of the ‡ Palatine,
Tho' he drew his antient blood
From the bold undaunted flood
That boil'd in Norman William's fiery breaſt;
The croſier'd Shepherd, unallied
To the ſtern Conqueror's tyrant pride,
With more refin'd and ſofter nature bleſs'd,
Affliction's drooping ſons careſs'd,
Rais'd up the Children of Deſpair;
Where had pierc'd corroſive Care,
Where Pain and Penury had fix'd their dart,
He o'er the wounds the genial balm beſtow'd
While forth the milk of human kindneſs flow'd,
An healing ſtream, warm from his inmoſt heart!

V.

" While Content my path illumes,
" Far hence Ambition ſtretch thy plumes;
" Hence Lucre's baſe deſire!" he cries:
" But thou converſing with the Skies,

‡ The Biſhop was deſcended from Hugh Lupus, Earl Palatine of Cheſter, who was nephew to William the Conqueror.

" In robes of white, unblemiſh'd Faith appear;
" Let Angel Piety be near!
" And on Monœda's § rugged land
" Let Charity complacent ſtand,
" Eſſential Grace of heavenly birth,
" Pattern of Godlike worth on earth,
" Her many-colour'd wing unfold,
" The ſhivering Pilgrim reſcue from the cold,
" Bid hunger feed, and modeſt want be bold!
" Oh! teach me thus to imitate the plan
" Of DEITY himſelf transform'd to man!"

VI.

Nor vain his prayer:—For, from their bright abode,
Cherubic Piety appear'd,
And ſpotleſs-cinctur'd Faith her forehead rear'd,
And lovelieſt Charity before him ſtood:
They came, and on Monœda's ſea-beat ſhore,
Want of its ſting beguil'd,
While pining hunger ‖ ſmil'd,

Mann. The

§ Ptolemy calls the Iſle of Monœda, quaſi Mona Remota, to diſtinguiſh it from Mona, Angleſey.

‖ The Biſhop appropriated half his income for the uſe of the poor of the Iſle of Man, feeding and cloathing all the poor of the Iſland, though his whole income never exceeded five hundred pounds a year.

The Chriſtian Graces throng'd his dome around,
Benevolence her liberal zone unbound,
And open'd wide, to all, his hoſpitable door.

VII.

By Thee, O WILSON, check'd, impell'd, refin'd,
Was form'd young STANLEY'S * generous mind;
Thy foſtering hand the noble youth
Conducted, thro' the paths of truth,
To Virtue's towering height,
(Whence beams her radiant light)
Tutor'd by thee, to climb the arduous ſteeps of fame,
His boſom caught the kindred flame;
By thee, with nobleſt ſentiments inſpir'd,
By thee, with patriot emulation fir'd,
With talents that a ſinking ſtate might ſave;
But to its fatal aim how true!
Unſeen the mortal arrow flew,
And ſunk the Work of Wiſdom to an early grave.

VIII. Why

* The Rev. Thomas Wilſon, while curate of Winnick, was tuter to Lord Strange, ſon of the Earl of Derby, a very promiſing young Nobleman, who died at Liſbon while on his Travels, in the twenty-firſt year of his age.

VIII.

Why fainter glows poetic fire?
Why jars with diſſonance the lyre?
I ſee the bluſh of ſhame ariſe,
Upon the ethereal Muſe's cheek;
From holy Truth's indignant eyes
I ſee the flaſh of anger break.—
Where were ye, powers Angelic! ſay,
Where from your ſacred office did ye ſtray!
When Oppreſſion's iron rod †
Dar'd to afflict the—Man of God?
If pure Religion's ſelf muſt feel
The rack of Perſecution's wheel,
If woe and ſufferings be her dower,
Who ſhall eſcape the giant hand of power?

IX. Or

† For his ſtrenuous exertions in favour of Church diſcipline, the Biſhop was fined by an arbitrary Governor, himſelf in 50l. and and his two Vicars-Generals in 20l. each; on refuſing to pay this fine, they were ſent to the Priſon of Caſtle Ruſhin, where they were confined two months, till they appealed to King George the firſt, and his Counſel, by whoſe ſentence they were honourably acquitted.

N. B. A Vicar-General in the Iſle of Man, is an office ſimilar to Biſhop's Chancellor in England.

The Whole of this tranſaction, the author is informed, is related in his Life, prefixed to his Works, lately printed by ſubſcription in two Vols. Quarto.

IX.

Or ſay, bright eſſences above!
Is ſuch the hard condition of our birth?
Thus do ye try the Saints on Earth,
Thus with Affliction's touchſtone Virtue prove?
That from her fiery trial ſhe may brighter ſhine,
Exalting human nature to divine:

X

So WILSON ſhone.—The miſts of dark diſgrace,
Rais'd envious to o'erſhade his face,
Flew, like ſome night-born vapour's floating ſtream,
Before the ſolar warmth, and ſtrong meridian beam.
Mazy, but juſt, are all the ways of Heaven!
Tho' often Merit ſeems to ſhrink aghaſt,
Expos'd to Fate's tempeſtuous blaſt;
Yet on its head, e'en in this world below,
From Heaven's high King ſuperior bleſſings flow.
To Thee, pure ſubject of my ſong! were given
His choiceſt favours: thine were length of years,
Each joy which ſelf-applauding conſcience bears;
Reflection's golden-imag'd train,
Which baniſh every mental pain,
While in compaſſion to frail man,

By

By thy example taught, and Precepts ſage,
To thee was ſtretch'd life's narrow ſpan,
Protracted to a ‡ Patriarch's age.
At placid eve, e'en like the gently-ſetting ſun,
Thy finiſh'd courſe of earthly pilgrimage was run;
When like a ripen'd ſheaf of corn,
Mature in heavenly works, thou to thy grave waſt borne;
Deſtin'd completion of thy birth,
Thy mortal part mix'd with its parent earth.—
Tho' dead the Man, no death the Saint ſhall find,
But in the Living § Page inſpire mankind:
Celeſtial truth ſhall from his aſhes riſe,
On Jeſſe's ſacred branch aſpiring to the ſkies.

Jeſſeens

‡ The Biſhop died at the age of ninety-three.

§ In alluſion to the Biſhop's Sermons.

BRITISH
11JA77
MUSEUM

ODE

ODE

TO THE

HON. AUGUSTUS KEPPEL,

ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE,

ON HIS ACQUITTAL.

Tuque dum procedis, Io! triumphe!
Non ſemel dicemus, Io! triumphe!
Civitas Omnis. HOR. OD.

THE THIRD EDITION.

This Ode when firſt publiſhed, was ſet to Muſic by Bartheimon, and performed with great Applauſe at the Theatre in the Haymarket.

BRITISH MUSEUM

O D E, &c.

I.

O Muſe! the nobleſt of the Nine!
On this auſpicious day*
Clio! exalt my humble lay,
And teach my trembling hands t'entwine
Round Keppel's patriot brow the laurel wreath divine!

II.

O Muſe! preſiding o'er the lyre,
Queen of harmonious ſound!
Raiſe me aſpiring from the lowly ground
And warm with Pindar's animating fire:

* Written on the Day that the news of Admiral Keppel's acquittal reached London.

Pindar, ~~the~~ bold eagle of the Attic Sky!
On Fancy's pinions ſoaring high,
Dar'd to behold, with ſtedfaſt eye,
The ſun of verſe and light and heat in his high beaming car:
As Phœbus drove on fiery ſteeds along,
He caught a ray of fire from his immortal ſong,
Tun'd to the muſick of the ſpheres;
And he rehears'd to mortal ears!
As fire from thundering Jove Prometheus ſtole
To vivify the human clay:
He rais'd to extacy the ſoul,
O'er all the paſſions bore unrivall'd ſway,
And ſung, in deathleſs ſtrains, the patriot Sons of War:

III.

The plains Elean heroes bore;
At games Olympic ſtrove
Kings deſcended from high Jove:
—Nor leſs on England's ſhore
Fair Freedom's choſen plains
The patriot-virtues ſhine
And martial ardour proudly reigns.

Of

Of Albemarle's illuſtrious line,
To ſing the naval chief, the glorious taſk be mine.

IV.

Britannia's free-born ſons! rejoice,
To ſongs of triumph raiſe the voice,
As Britain's Daughters fair advance
To ſing the choral ſong, or join the feſtive dance,
To honour's cauſe, loud Iö Pæans ſing,
Let Triton ſound upon his ſhell,
Of Keppel's praiſe let fair-hair'd Nereids tell:
From the deep profound
With hoarſe applauſe let Albion's ſhores reſound
To echo's ſportive voice let Ocean's caverns ring,
And the rejoicing waves agnize their Sovereign King.

V.

When late Britannia's Guardian Angel ſaw
Malice and Envy aim the blow
At Keppel's ſacred head;
With rage inſpir'd
She from the Synod of the Gods retir'd;
On wings of wind ſhe flew,
To Britain's Sea-girt iſle ſhe ſped,
Her near approach old Ocean's Monarch knew.

VI.

Who to the Sea gives laws
Indignant Neptune rais'd the ſtorm,*
His ſocial aid to lend
In Keppel's injur'd cauſe,
For Ocean's Monarch was the Patriot's friend:
He graſp'd the trident in his ample hand
He ſmote the ſubject ſea, and ſhook the ſolid land,
And watery mountains Ocean's face deform.

VII.

Stern Æolus, incenſed, bad ariſe
The ſtormy winds and tempeſts of the Skies,
The winds, which late were gentle gales,
And wafted Keppel's ſpreading ſails;
With bloated cheeks inflated glow,
In Keppel's cauſe enrag'd they blow.
The King remits the flowing reins,

And

* Alluding to the hurricane that prevailed throughout England about the commencement of Admiral Keppel's trial.

CLASSICAL IMITATIONS.

Stern Æolus] . . . . . Hic vaſto Rex Æolus antro,
Luctantes ventos, tempeſtateſque ſonoras
Imperio premit, ac vinclis & carcere frænat.

Remits the flowing Reins.] . . Qui fœdere certo
Et premere, & laxas ſciret dare juſſus habenas. VIR. Æn. I.

And wide o'er Ocean's watery plains,
The tempeſt ſounds, the waters roar,
And point their rage 'gainſt Albion's rocky ſhore:
The daſhing waves her firm-bas'd rocks defy
And toſs the deafening billows to the Sky:

VIII.

The ſtorm (paſs'd o'er the raging ſea)
To England's fertile plains makes way:
The hurricane with furious breath
Rends the ſtrong oak from mother Earth:
Who reign'd the Monarch of the ſylvan plain,
His deep-ſet roots and branching honours vain!

IX.

Britannia trembled with the blaſts,
Felt for her own deſponding guilt;
Fear'd for her ſails and riſing maſt,
And trembled for her Navies yet unbuilt:
Leſt all her oaks in wild confuſion hurl'd
Should loſe her Empire o'er the watery world.

X.

Keppel alone unmov'd, the Goddeſs ſaw;
The conſcious mind's a rock, no tempeſts ſhake

Or riſing terrors awe:
Let guilty mortals quake,
For conſcious worth alone no terrors e'er ſhall know.
—Offspring of Erebus and Night
From Hell's infernal ſhade,
Fearleſs he ſaw dire Envy raiſe her head
And her fell ſerpents hiſs with impotent delight.

XI.

Honour's high ſenſe he knew
From Heaven's eternal king,
Her ſource unſullied drew
And Fame's unceaſing ſpring:
In vain the Giant Envy ſtrove
'Gainſt Truth, fair daughter of Imperial Jove:
—While Party rag'd, and Calumny revil'd
In conſcious innocence, the Hero ſmil'd.*

XII.

Keppel accus'd? periſh th' unworthy ſound,
Nor with diſcordant jar, the ear of honour wound;
O'er England's records, her oblivious veil
Th' hiſtoric Muſe ſhall ſpread, the fact conceal:
Britannia's

* Alluding to the circumſtance in the Trial, where the Admiral is accuſed of ſmiling.

Britannia's Genius feels the dire diſgrace,
And, conſcious of her ſhame, conceals her bluſhing face:
Her voice in Keppel's cauſe the candid Muſe ſhall raiſe,
To no vile party proſtitute her lays,
Nor with his foes' diſgrace ſhall fully his fair praiſe.

XIII.

Friend to thy Country, Keppel, hail!
Truth and fair Juſtice ſhall prevail:
—Heroic Virtue bears a ſtamp divine,
Like pureſt Gold in furnace tried,
Each baſe alloy ſhall caſt aſide,
And from the fiery trial brighter ſhine.

XIV.

To judge thy righteous cauſe
(Where England's Southern limits end
And Portſmouth's Battlements aſcend)
The Naval Chieftains ſit,
To do their Admiral right
The ſons of Mars
Long tried in wars

Heroes

Heroes renown'd in fight!
The Patriot-man the Judges all acquit
And crown with laſting honour and applauſe.

XV.

O Muſe! from glories freſh and new
Take a retroſpective view
Of Keppel's youthful day:
Daughters of Jove! immortal Nine!
Bear me beyond the torrid line,
Where Sol meridian darts his fervid ray:
Inſpir'd by you—I look—I ſpy
*Païta riſing to the mental eye;
By the young Hero's hand, I ſee the ſail unfurl'd,
Acquire new homage in the ſouthern world:
High waving in the ſultry air,
Païta's towers Britannia's Colours bear,
And Britiſh Glory ~~luminates~~ lights the Southern Hemiſphere.

XVI. Am-

* Auguſtus Keppel, when very young, was introduced in the ſea ſervice, under the auſpices of the celebrated Lord Anſon, and ſailed with him into the South Sea, he was at the taking of Païta, a Sea-port town in Peru, from the Spaniards, in the year 1741, where he firſt ſignalized his valour, and narrowly eſcaped with life.

XVI.

(Ambition's influence unconfin'd)
In Anſon's School of honour taught,
From the bold pattern of the Maſter's mind,
The ſon of Albemarle, heroic ardour caught.
Dread Shade of Anſon! Friend of Commerce, hail!
Wide as the waves and waters flow,
Wide as the various winds ſhall blow
That wafted thy adventurous ſail
Round wondering Neptune's unexplor'd domain:
—Borne on the ſwelling tide of harmony along
Thy name
Thy ſpreading fame
Freſh and unſullied ſhall remain;
And live for ever in the Muſe's ſong.

XVII.

On Afric's ſcorched hills or plains,
Of Keppel's fame th' untutor'd Bard ſhall ſing
To Sun-burnt Virgins and the ſwarthy ſwains,
And ſound the Hero's praiſe upon the artleſs ſtring.
The ſmiling infant on the mother's knee,
Shall liſp of Engliſh Liberty;

The

The ſaviſh Sire enraptur'd catch the ſound,
And warm with native fire
His heart with rapture bound,
And to celeſtial freedom dare aſpire;
Some grand-ſire warrior the mean while,
Shall talk of Engliſh Arms, and Goree's conquer'd
Iſle.*

XVIII.

Daughters of Helicon's inſpiring fount,
Fancy's enchanted car you mount:
The Bard enraptur'd you convey
Safe e'er the burning ſand, and the tempeſtuous ſea.
—I hear the cannons roar,
I ſee pale Gallia's ſhore,
And Concaille's leſſening bay.
—Each nation's Genius ſtands around
" Sits Expectation in the air,"
Rous'd by the cannon's awful ſound
In ſea-green ~~In Sea~~-garb, with dripping hair,
See Neptune ſtarting from the deep profound:
Britannia's flags unfurl,
(With

* Keppel, when Commodore, took the important iſland of Goree, on the coaſt of Africa, in the year 1759, through great generalſhip, as well as bravery.

(With martial Muſic, thundering cannons greet,)
On Gallia's banners bold defiance hurl;
For ſuch the dread ſalute, when Hawke and Conflans meet!

XIX.

I ſee the hoſtile fleets engage
Obſcurely thro' the darken'd Skies
(Where Ocean's waves tumultuous* riſe,)
Diſtinguiſh'd from the fleet
I ſee the Torbay and the Theſee meet:§
Their chiefs to vengeance fir'd, and mortal rage,
Diſtant battle they deſpiſe,
They ruſh to nearer fight;
The Theſee's batter'd ſides
Admit the ruſhing tides,
And arms and men and maſts all ſink to endleſs night.

XX.

Keppel! where ends thy Glory's courſe,
Lo! every quarter of the Earth,

Gives

* Alluding to the ſtorm at the time of the memorable Sea-fight in the year 1762, between Admiral Hawke and M. Conflans, in the Bay, called in ſome Maps the Bay of Concaille

§ Auguſtus Keppel was then on board of the Torbay, and ſunk the French ſhip Theſee, with which he was cloſely engaged, at the ſecond or third broadſide.

Gives to thy renown new birth,
Of honour fruitful ſource!
With Glory's blaze, the mental eye
Fatigu'd, but faintly can deſcry,
Where yonder towers invade the ſkies;
On yon high rocks, that long have ſtood
Frowning o'er the ſubject flood,
Havannah's‡ Citadels ariſe.
Haughty Spaniard! Pride immenſe
Deem'd thoſe walls, thy ſure defence!
Weak thy preſuming thought and vain!
Keppel thunders from the main,
The Sons of Albemarle by land and ſea
Like rival ſons of Mars
The thunderbolts of wars,§
Thro' all reſiſtance urge their deſperate way;
On Moro's turrets, Britiſh ſtandards riſe,
And lift the Britiſh Honour to the ſkies.

XXI.

O Patriot Muſe! conclude the Song;
To thy immortal ſtrains belong
Death-

‡ The Keppels ſignalized their bravery at the taking of the Havannah in the year 1762.

§ Duo fulmina Belli. VIRG.

Deathleſs honour and applauſe.
Bid Britain's Chiefs by ſea and land,
Obey thy high Command,
And join in Honour's cauſe.
Britannia's Heroes all agree,
And join in martial ſympathy:
Britons unite,
And vigorous fight,
Exert your Force 'gainſt France and haughty Spain,
Defend your native land, and triumph o'er the main.

XXII.

Concord! Goddeſs, heavenly-bright!
O'er Britain's realms diffuſe thy ſacred light:
To thee in Latium temples riſe,
Thou lifted'ſt Rome Imperial to the Skies.
O'er the Atlantic ſea extend thy wing,
Bid Britiſh Sires again embrace
Their Children of Columbian* race;
Increaſing Joy and Triumph bring
To Britain's People, and to Britain's King.

* America, called Columbia from Columbus, the firſt diſcoverer.

IMPROMPTU,

On seeing a small MONUMENT *erected to the* MEMORY *of* CHATTERTON, *by Mr.* THICKNESSE, *in his Hermitage near* BATH.

IF breath of mortal fame can pleaſure yield
To ſhades of Genius in Elyſium's field;
—Spirit of injur'd CHATTERTON! rejoice,
And hear of fame the late-applauding voice!
" Chill penury" depreſs'd thy Muſe of fire,
And SUICIDE's rude hand unſtrung the lyre.—
Tho' all the Muſes ſmil'd upon thy birth,
And ſhew'd thee as a prodigy on earth;
Lo! ſuch the hard conditions of thy fate!
Living deſpis'd, lamented when too late:
Thy thread of life (by too ſevere a doom)
Was early cut, e'en in thy youthful bloom,
Nor was thy name yet honour'd with a tomb.
O CHATTERTON! if thou may'ſt deign to ſmile
On one receſs of thine ungrateful iſle;
Suppreſs awhile thy juſt indignant rage,
And view well-pleas'd the WANDERER's* Hermitage;
There thy delighted eye at laſt may ſee
The gratetul Monument ariſe to thee:
One worthy individual thus ſupply'd
What all thy boaſted patrons have deny'd.

* Mr. Thickneſſe, during his travels, frequently wrote under the ſignature of the WANDERER.

OCCASIONAL

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

TO THE

TRAGEDY of Sir THOMAS OVERBURY.

WRITTEN BY SAVAGE.

Spoken thrice by Mr. BENSLEY, *at the* Briſtol Theatre, *in the Year* 1777.

INDULGENT BRISTOL! we preſent to you,
The ORPHAN-OFFSPRING of a BARD you knew,
And for your kind Adoption humbly ſue.—
Reſpect the Manes of the mighty dead,
Tho' the poor living Poet wanted bread;
By his own wayward nature doom'd to find
How fruitleſs all the boaſted powers of mind:
—But Act of Amneſty the Dead may crave,
His faults be buried with him in his grave,
His worth ſurvive.—Act on a liberal plan,
Forget the Satyriſt,*—forgive the Man.
True genius long deſpis'd tho' late revere!
With patience his Pathetic Drama hear,
And ſign the Offender's Pardon with a tear:
All paſt offences now remember'd not,
And e'en his Mother's‡ Cruelty forgot.

* SAVAGE, in one of his poems, threw ſome very illiberal reflections on the inhabitants of Briſtol.

‡ Vide Life of SAVAGE, written by JOHNSON.

Thus SAVAGE! may thy conſcious ſhade rejoice!
Hearing the Public's loud-applauding voice;
And thy ſurviving friends exult to ſee
Poetic Juſtice amply done to thee.—
As once degraded, now exalted higher!
Oh! may thy genial influence inſpire,
And warm the Drama's ſons with thy own native fire!
Where thou reſign'dſt § thy breath—may they inherit
Some trivial portion of thy genuine ſpirit!
Thy Bullion-Thoughts, like Diamonds from the mine,
Have ſtood the filings of correcting time,
And from their finer poliſh brighter ſhine.—
If—where the rougher† draughts, thou firſt didſt form,
We with applauſe thy finiſh'd ſcenes perform;
The generous City, where thy relics lie,‡
(And where, alas! thou did'ſt neglected die,)—
Shall crown thy name with Immortality.

§ SAVAGE died under confinement in Briſtol gaol.

† This play underwent ſome judicious cuttings and corrections from the reviver of the piece and his friends, previouſly to its being brought out at Covent-Garden theatre.

‡ SAVAGE was buried in St. Peter's Church-yard, Briſtol.

AN
EPITAPH,

Intended for the Rev. Mr. ECCLES;

Who loſt his Life ſome years ago, by humanely endeavouring to ſave a Lad, who was drowning in the River AVON, *near* BATH.

READER! one Drop of Pity from thine Eyes,
To grace the Tomb, where much-lov'd ECCLES lies:
Nor bluſh for him thy Feelings to impart,
Who beſt deſcrib'd the FEELINGS OF THE HEART,*
His Joy for others' Joy the firſt to ſhow,
And firſt to ſypathize with others' woe:
He the high paths of heavenly Science trod,
Explain'd to man the Oracles of God;
With Chriſtian doctrines moral precepts mix'd,
And both on Truth's eternal baſis fix'd.
—Poliſh'd rough Virtue with a taſte refin'd.
"The lover and the love of human kind:"
His mind all ſelfiſh motives ſoar'd above,
He died the Martyr of pure ſocial love:

* Mr. ECCLES was (at the time of his death) reputed the author of "The Man of Feeling."

His willing hand extending free to ſave
A friendleſs ſtranger ſinking in the wave,
They both were whelmed in a watery grave.
His feeling heart in Avon ceas'd to beat,
(The ſtream extinguiſhing the vital heat,)
—The pious deed ſhall ne'er oblivion know,
Whilſt feeling hearts ſhall beat, or Avon's ſtreams
ſhall flow.

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MUSEUM

AN

AN

ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH

OF

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

— — — *Neget quis Carmina Gallo?*

- - - - - - - - - -

Illum etiam Lauri, etiam flevere Myricæ.

VIRG. Eclog. x.

SECOND* EDITION.

* The first hasty Edition of this little Elegy was published (previously to any other composition of the kind) within a week after the death of GARRICK.

BRITISH MUSEUM

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

TO

DEATH

ON THE

DEATH OF GARRICK.

III.

ELEGY, &c.

I.

YE HELICONIAN VIRGINS, say!*
Where were ye on the fatal day
GARRICK resign'd his breath?
Say! could not your immortal song,
One favour'd mortal's life prolong,
And charm the rage of Death?

II.

Ye mournful Muſes, heavenly fair,
To BRITAIN'S penſive iſle repair,
On Fancy's ſoaring wing;
Upon the ſad and ſolemn lyre,
Soft Pity's melting notes inſpire,
And ſound the plaintive ſtring.

III. Let

* Claſſical Imitation,

Quæ nemora, aut qui vos ſaltus habuere puellæ?

VIRGIL.

III.

Let AVON's banks and meads along,
Re-echo to the Nænial ſong,
On her deſerted ſhore;
Where Fancy's child with Fairies play'd,
On ground enchanted wildly ſtray'd,
Her Swans ſhall ſing no more;

IV.

With printleſs feet, where Genii trod,
Where fancied Shapes and Elves abode:
SHAKSPERE's creative pen
To airy forms gave local birth,
And cloth'd them like the ſons Earth:
And now they weep, like men!

V.

Ye Muſes, from Caſtalia's ſpring
Ambroſial dews and odours bring,
To ſhed o'er ROSCIUS'† head:
The God of wit* and heavenly ſound,
PHOEBUS! ſhall ſtretch his mantle round,
By HEBE's fingers ſpread.

VI. 'Till

† The Name of a Roman Tragedian, often beſtowed on GARRICK by his Admirers.

* Alluding to APOLLO's preſerving the dead body of HECTOR. HOM. ILIAD, Lib. 22.

VI.

'Till his fair form be peaceful laid,
Beneath the Cloiſter's awful ſhade*
Where Kings retire to reſt:
Where Worthies, Warriors, Sages lie,
(Impatient for the upper ſky)
A fit and welcome gueſt!

VII.

In that receſs and ſacred ſhrine,
Where ſleep the Children of the Nine:
At his lov'd SHAKSPERE's feet†
His favour'd Actor laid along,
The ſhades of harmony and ſong,
With Sounds angelic greet!

VIII.

BRITANNIA's ſons the Tomb ſhall raiſe,
And, ſacred to her ROSCIUS' praiſe,
The ſculptur'd Marble ſtand;
The Worth of him, who lies below,
The laſting Verſe engrav'd ſhall ſhow,
Wrote by the Muſe's hand.

IX. With

* Weſtminſter-Abbey.

† Mr. GARRICK was buried in the Poet's Corner, near the foot of SHAKSPERE's Statue.

IX.

With pallid cheek—diſhevell'd hair,
And woe-worn features of deſpair,
MELPOMENE is ſeen:
Horror in thy diſtracted eye!
Why doſt thou quit thy native ſky,
Thou dagger-ſcepter'd Queen?

X.

Why weep'ſt thou o'er thy darling's grave?
From Deſtiny thou could'ſt not ſave,
Or ſtop departing breath;
With anguiſh, grief, and rage oppreſt,
Why point the dagger to thy breaſt?
Goddeſs! exempt from death!

XI.

Diſtinguiſh'd from the vulgar throng,
In woeful plight, who glides along?
Hail! lovely mourner, fair!
Where is thy wonted ſmile and glee?
Laughing THALIA!—chang'd we ſee,
E'en thou can'ſt ſhed the tear.

XII. Mean

XII.

Mean time, BRITANNIA's daughters! bring
The blooming violets of ſpring,
To ſtrew o'er ROSCIUS' bier!
From your admiring eyes he drew,
The balmy drop of Pity's dew,
For old enfeebled LEAR!

XIII.

The Paſſions' maſter lowly lies,
Lo! Death's cold hand hath clos'd his eyes,
That ſhone with luſtre bright;
Around his conſecrated urn,
Let anguiſh weep and anger burn,
And envy die with ſpite.

XIV.

Ye Muſe-inſpir'd lament his end,
Who, living, was the Muſe's friend,
The Drama's loſs* deplore!
Where is aſpiring RICHARD fled?
In ROSCIUS' grave, MACBETH lies dead;
And HAMLET is no more.

* Though it was the faſhion in Garrick's life-time to admire him for wit and genius; it is ſince found, that his intrinſic merit conſiſted chiefly in his performance of the following Dramatic characters, and in which he has hitherto remained unrivalled.

XV.

The ſons of mirth and gallantry,
No more their ſprightly RANGER ſee!
Or BENEDICT admire;
Loſt with the archneſs of his eye,
DRUGGER and LEON breathleſs lie,
And KITELY ſhall expire.

XVI.

With SHAKSPERE's fire his breaſt was fraught,
'Twas he embodied SHAKSPERE's thought:
Where the Bard's fancy flew,
He caught the phrenzy in his eye,‡
(Rolling from earth unto the ſky,)
And gave the portrait true.

XVII.

And thou, dear partner of his ſoul!
Thy unavailing grief controul!
Within thy ſpotleſs breaſt
(Freſh as from REYNOLDS' pencil'd hand,)
His long-lov'd image ſtill ſhall ſtand,
In the "Mind's eye" expreſt.

Let

‡ The Poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolling. SHAKSPERE.

XVIII.

Let brighter ſcenes from Glory's ſky,
Delight the viſion of that eye,
Beyond Life's ſhorten'd ſpan:
Ope'd by the roſy-finger'd hours,
Behold bright Fame's expanded bowers,
Receive the wonderous man.

XIX.

While Science fires her ſons on Earth,
While BRITAIN gives to Genius birth,
While AVON's ſtream ſhall flow;
The Stage, while buſkin'd Actors tread
While SHAKSPERE's living page is read,
His Praiſe no Bounds ſhall know.

Poetical Hiſtory of Trade,

ADDRESSED TO THE

MERCANTILE CITY OF BRISTOL,

And ſpoken by Mr. MURRAY, for his Benefit,

On the 7th Day of JULY, 1786.

N. B. Some Verſes, on the ſame plan, were ſpoken by Mr. Cautherly, *for Mr.* Clark's *Benefit, at the Briſtol Theatre, in the Summer of the year 1777; but they are now very much corrected and improved.*

ALL hail to BRISTOL!—Commerce' fam'd retreat!
Of Wealth and Merchandize, the happy Seat!
Where AVON flows along the fertile Vale,
Freighted with Riches from each Weſtern Gale:
Her Meads and Hills with verdure crown'd and flocks,
The FOUNT of HEALTH* freſh-iſſuing from her rocks.
Nor let her wealthy Sons of Taſte refuſe
To own the Tragic, or the Comic Muſe.—
To Commerce—Power and Greatneſs owe their birth,
And her's the produce of the fruitful Earth:

* Deſcriptive of the Hot-wells.

Parent of Arts!—of Induſtry the Child—
On TYRE, the Queen of Ocean, firſt ſhe ſmil'd:†
From Trade alone the CROWNING CITY‡ roſe,
And, like a Cedar, rear'd her towering brows:
Her princely Merchants triumph'd o'er her foes!

On BARREN ATTICA ſhe next abode,§
By Phœbus nurtur'd, wit-inſpiring God!
Wiſdom's ſtern Goddeſs ſmil'd, 'mid War's alarms,
And nurs'd the lovely Stranger in her arms.
—Spirit of Commerce fir'd the Sons of Greece,
And Heroes traded for the Golden Fleece:
Her tutelar MINERVA claim'd the Prize,
And bade the Labours of the Loom ariſe.

From Greece enſlav'd, with Liberty ſhe fled,
Nor dar'd again to raiſe her exil'd head:
Cheriſh'd in Italy, ſhe thriv'd and grew,
And ſpread her Sail, where'er her Eagle flew;
Nor her fair train did bright-ey'd Science quit,
'Till Rome's fam'd Forum was the Mart of Wit:

Wit

† TYRE is the moſt antient trading ſea-port town that we a where read of, either in the ſacred, or any other hiſtory.

‡ The Crowning City, whoſe Merchants are Princes, whoſe tra fickers are the honourable of the Earth —whoſe antiquity is of antie days. 23d *Iſaiah*.

§ The City of Athens, in the principality of Attica, was bu on a ſoil naturally barren and rocky.

With CONQUEST tir'd,* her Warriors ſought repoſe,
From Wealth and Taſte her Theatre aroſe:
Virgil and Horace ſtrung the Roman Lyre,
And TERENCE† caught the Flame, from bold Menander's Fire:
While Rival ELOQUENCE‡ improv'd the age,
Tully the Roſtrum—Roſcius grac'd the Stage.
Britannia laſt, Commercial Influence bleſs'd,
Commerce and Taſte, by Liberty careſs'd.
A maiden Queen was pre-ordain'd by Fate,
From her our letter'd Æra took its date;
While Arts, and Arms, and Empire crown'd the age,
The Drama claim'd the Royal Patronage,
And Great ELIZA§ read immortal Shakſpear's page.

The

* The Romans being originally a rough and warlike nation, it was at a late period that they condeſcended to adopt the elegant arts from Greece; and it was likewiſe at a late period that their Theatre was appropriated for the reception of the Grecian Tragedies and Comedies; which, among others, may be one reaſon why there is ſcarcely a good Tragedy now extant in the Latin Language.

† Plautus and Terence were almoſt the only authors of any reputation, that ventured to write Comedies in the Latin Language; though the latter imitated very cloſely the Comedies of the Greek poet Menander.

‡ Marcus Tullius Cicero, the Roman orator, was a great friend and patron of Roſcius the Roman actor.

§ Queen Elizabeth conferred many favours on the citizens of Briſtol.

The bluſhing Muſes and their modeſt train
Turn'd Royal Proſtitutes in Charles's ‖ reign:
Laughing Thalia—Virtue made her port,
And, e'en Melpomené intrigu'd at Court.
The Muſe of Modeſty reſumes her lay,
And SHERIDAN * adorns the modern day;
Happy alone the golden Mean to hit,
And join for ever Chaſtity and Wit!

Nor Monarchs on the Merchant dare to frown,
Trade brings the Gem, that ſparkles in the Crown:
Freedom and Commerce, Britons claim their own,
§ On Trade's broad Baſis ſtands Britannia's Throne.

Fair

‖ Charles II.

* Theſe lines are from the old copy, written at the time the School for Scandal made its firſt appearance on the ſtage.

§ The following lines from the old copy, were ſpoken by CAUTHERLY at the time of the American war.

But civil Diſcord!—Muſe avert thine Head,
Nor view the vaſt Atlantic ſtain'd with red:
Commerce (her cheeks while crimſon bluſhes hide)
Avoids the guilty Ocean ſlaughter-dy'd.
Diſcord!—her fiery torch advancing high,
With Hydra-head invades the angry ſky;
Be her fell torch extinguiſh'd in the flood!
And Brothers ceaſe to ſhed their Brothers' blood!
Reſume, O meek-eyed Muſe, thy wonted ſmile!
Rejoice, O Commerce, in thy choſen Iſle!
Be all thy Sails with every wind unfurl'd,
And ſeek again well-pleas'd the WESTERN WORLD.

Fair Trade and Merchandize are Briſtol's pride,
(Nor Wealth from Charity ſhall aught divide,)
But, liberal Thoughts your generous Hearts extend,
Where COLSTON† liv'd—of all Mankind the friend!

Nor antient Briſtol did the Muſes ſcorn,
Here ROWLIE,‡ lovely, ſweeteſt Bard was born:
And here his Muſe firſt took her lofty flight,
(Doom'd to oblivion and the ſhades of night!)
Had not your penetrating eye ſurvey'd,
And brought forth into day the long-loſt Maid:
—Thus ſinks the Sun beneath the Weſtern ſkies,
With greater ſplendor in the Eaſt to riſe.—
From Darkneſs freed, true Genius will aſpire,
For nothing can extinguiſh heavenly fire.

The glowing Embers CHATTERTON* relum'd.
Unhappy youth! To ſwift Deſtruction doom'd!

The

† He was a general Benefactor to the City of Briſtol.

‡ A moſt excellent poet, who lived in Briſtol about fifty years after the death of Chaucer; the authenticity of whoſe poems is ſufficiently aſcertained in Briſtol, not only by internal evidence, but on the authority of ſome gentlemen of the firſt character.

* A very ingenious young man, who was the means of producing to the learned world, the valuable relicts of ROWLIE's poetry; he was dead before the age of eighteen, and could not (for many reaſons

too

The youth untimely loſt the Muſes mourn!
And with their tears bedew ſelf-ſlaughter's Urn.
Nor can the milder Graces quit your ſhore.
While each inſpiring Muſe reſides with—MORE: †

While

too long to be enumerated here,) poſſibly be the author of the poems himſelf; though in his own juvenile productions, he diſplayed a fine fancy and true poetic genius, as may be ſeen from ſome of his own little poems, that are yet preſerved. It is rather ſingular, that one of the firſt Critics ‡ and Poets of the age ſhould be led to ſuppoſe, that young Chatterton could be the author of the poems, attributed to Rowlie; becauſe, among other conjectures, he had penetration enough to diſcover that there were ſome modern words, and ſometimes great part of a modern ſtanza interſperſed among the original antique poem. The plain fact ſeems to be, that whenever Chatterton could not make out the words of the old Manuſcript, as he was quick of invention and not ſufficiently an Antiquarian, he ventured on his own judgment to ſubſtitute ſimilar words of a more modern origin, ſo that it is impoſſible, at this period, to determine how much of the Poems was Rowlie's, or what part was Chatterton's own production. But what proves the authenticity of Rowlie's writings in general, beyond a diſpute, is, that a manuſcript of his, lately found, makes mention of a certain church or chapel, built in his days, the foundation of which hath lately been diſcovered in digging down ſome old walls in Briſtol, ſince Chatterton's death; and correſponds very nearly to Rowlie's deſcription.—The author, who had ſome little knowledge of Chaterton, is in poſſeſſion of ſome anecdotes relative to him, as yet unknown to the Learned world, and which he means to make public.

‡ *The late Thomas Warton.*

† Miſs Hannah More.

While her wild Notes the Muſes' MILKMAID* ſings,
And, like Arcadian Nymph, attunes her paſtoral ſtrings.
And Meyler's Muſe from BLADUD's neighbouring ſprings,†
To crown lov'd POWELL's SHADE,‡ the Laurel brings,
And the fam'd Actor's praiſe in ſtrains harmonious ſings:
Fancy's bright Viſions ſhe can realize,
And bring Old Jacob's Wells before our eyes:
Rais'd, like the Theban Wall, by Magic ſound,
The Fabric yet ſurvives,—tho' RUINS § ſpread the ground.

Nor

* Mrs. Yearſley, known in the learned world by the name of Lactilla.

† The Baths, ſo called from Bladud the fabulous diſcoverer.

‡ In alluſion to the Shade of Powell, or Jacob's Wells, a Dramatic Viſion, written by Mr. Meyler, of Bath, and ſpoken by Mr. Dimond, at the Briſtol Theatre, with great applauſe.

§ The old Theatre at Jacob's Wells, is now, literally ſpeaking, in ruins.

Nor BRISTOL ſhall ſublimer Science ſhun,
While half a NEWTON's Knowledge* lives with--Do

To your free Choice the Drama's ſons ſubmit,
Their various Merchandize of Engliſh Wit:
On their weak efforts deign to ſmile well pleas'd,
And patronize the STAGE,† your Taſte hath rais'd.

* Mr. Benjamin Donn, a native of Devonſhire, an ingenious Mathematician, and Lecturer of Philoſophy, and who has likewiſe drawn a very accurate Map of Briſtol.

† The Theatre in King-ſtreet, conſtructed on an excellent plan, was built by the voluntary ſubſcription of the inhabitants of Briſtol.

BRITISH MUSEUM 11 JA 77

ANNUS

ANNUS MIRABILIS;

OR, THE EVENTFUL

YEAR EIGHTY-TWO.

AN

HISTORICAL POEM.

THE THIRD EDITION.

——— *Quod et hunc in annum*
Vivat, et plures: age, dic - - -,
Barbite, carmen. HOR.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE *to the* FIRST EDITION.

THE following Poem flows from a deſire of inſpiring Military and Political Virtue, and of rendering the Nation ſenſible of her own unconquerable Powers, againſt combined, numerous, and mighty enemies. It is humbly preſumed likewiſe, that whoever reads the piece throughout, with candour, will acknowledge, that the writer hath not ſhewn himſelf attached to any party. The important tranſactions of the year are not attempted to be recorded with that minute preciſeneſs, or that chronological order, that diſtinguiſh thoſe authentic records, the *Annual Regiſters*. The narration of foreign occurrences in general follows the order in which their intelligence reached England; and the year, reſpecting tranſactions nearer home, commences with the Spring, "When Sol had mounted in the vernal Signs." The Verſification adopted, is the common Heroic meaſure of five Feet; but, to give greater variety, the triplet with a concluding Alexandrine is frequently introduced; and indeed a verſe of ſix feet is indiſcriminately uſed any where, after the example, and upon the authority of the great Dryden. And, as the frequent eliſion of vowels, particularly in the laſt ſyllable of verbs, hath an unſeemly appearance, and a harſh ſound; whenever a verb in the firſt perſon hath an e final in the preſent tenſe, as "love," and the vowel is not to be pronounced in the laſt ſyllable of the paſt tenſe, the vowel is printed with an apoſtrophe, as "love'd;" with an intent to preſerve a ſofter and more harmonious ſound.—The author, from the haſte in which it was compoſed, is thoroughly ſenſible that the poem is very unpoliſhed and incorrect; but the learned Critic will doubtleſs make great allowances of indulgence to a modern Author, in the difficult attempt of confining Poetry to ſtrict and authentic Hiſtory; and whether this publication poſſeſſes any intrinſic poetical merit, to counterbalance its defects, is, with all due deference, ſubmitted to the determination of the candid readers.

DEVON, *January* 1, 1783.

Note,

Note—Although the following Poem has paſſed through two Editions in the country, it may be received as a freſh production by the London readers, and the public at large, from its former publication having been ſo neglected as ſcarcely to have been advertiſed in the London prints.

The public Critic cannot be too often reminded of the difficulty of deſcribing recent events with any tolerable degree of poetry.

ANNUS

ANNUS MIRABILIS.

HISTORIC Muſe! fair daughter of the ſkies,
Diſpel each earthly miſt that clouds mine eyes;
Diffuſe around me thy cœleſtial light,
Inſpire my rapture'd ſoul with viſions bright;
Give me to paint thoſe deeds with vivid flame,
Which ſtamp'd on EIGHTY-TWO ſuperior fame.
Thou, who long ſince in Charles's* favour'd days
Inſpir'd'ſt unrivall'd Dryden's deathleſs lays,
What time, he tune'd to his heroic lyre,
The Nation's vict'ries, and Auguſta's‡ fire:
While thou, O Goddeſs, liſt'ning from thy ſphere,
To ſounds that fill'd with joy thy raviſh'd ear,
Heard'ſt him record his own illuſtrious year.†
Say, from what cauſe, from what propitious power,
Sprung the great Change in Fate's indulgent hour.

* Charles II.

‡ London was called by the Romans Auguſta Trinobantûm.

† Dryden's Annus Mirabilis, the Year of Wonders, 1666; in which he celebrates the naval victories obtained over the Dutch by the Duke of Albemarle and Prince Rupert, and laments the dreadful burning of London, that happened in the ſame year.

Long had enrage'd Britannia mark'd with ſcorn
Her glories tarniſh'd, and her laurels torn;
Long had ſhe view'd, and wept to view, in vain,
Force'd from her hands, the faſces of the main;
Beheld her fleets (that erſt triumphant rode
Where e'er the boundleſs Ocean's torrents flow'd,
And arm'd with thunder, o'er the watery way
Made foreign flags ſubmit—her laws obey,
And yield the honours of Imperial ſway,)
Fatal reverſe! victorious now no more,
Purſue'd, inſulted on their native ſhore.
Long ſeen her choſen heroes wide and far
Untimely periſh in unnatural war;
With horror view'd th' Atlantic, guilty flood!
Diſtain'd with Parents', and with Brothers' blood;
Seen alien troops,* a mercenary band!
Degrade her free-born State, and warlike Land:
And, to compleat her long and foul diſgrace,
She ſaw (but turn'd aſide her bluſhing face)

Saw

* The author does not mean to paſs any ſevere reflections on the German ſoldiers employed in the Britiſh ſervice for the reduction of America; but only thinks it a diſgrace upon the Britiſh nation to be obliged to employ them at all.

Saw Britiſh youths unmove'd by honour's charms,
Without a fight, inglorious! yield their arms;†
And while to conqueſt they affect their way,
Whole armies captur'd in the face of day.
Where intervening* Ocean rolls his tides,
And Europe's realms from Afric's ſhores divides,
Saw Britain mock'd by Spain's inſulting ſmile,
And from her Empire torn Minorca's iſle;‡
Saw baffled troops, and military powers,
Shameful recede from Mahon's lofty towers.

Within the regions of the ſultry day,§
Where Sol intenſely darts his burning ray,

On

† Theſe inſtances are brought as marks of general national diſhonour; not that the Commanders themſelves, or their troops were to blame; thoſe regiments in particnlar that ſurrendered under Cornwallis were the flower of our armies, and ſome of the beſt diſciplined troops perhaps in Europe.—General Burgoyne ſurrendered his whole army, conſiſting of at leaſt 4500 effective men, together with a train of artillery, which coſt Government an immenſe ſum of money, to General Gates, on the 17th of October, 1777.—Cornwallis ſurrendered himſelf and his whole army priſoners to the combined armies of America and France, under the command of General Waſhington, on the 19th of October, 1780.

* —— Quâ medius liquor ſecernit Europen ab Afro.—Hor.

‡ When General Murray ſurrendered Minorca, he alledged, for excuſe, that he wanted men, proviſions, and other neceſſary ſupplies.

§ The Engliſh ſettlements along the South coaſt in the Eaſt-Indies, lying near to the Equator, are for the moſt part intenſely hot, and would be intolerably ſo, were they not every day refreſhed by ſea breezes.

On India's fields, (on that once happy land,
By Plenty bleſt with unreſtraining hand,)
She heard the ſwarthy race indignant pour
The curſe, extorted in Affliction's hour
By Engliſh treach'ry, ſordid thirſt of gain,
And all the horrors of Oppreſſion's reign;
Beheld her cruel ſons, with fraudful mind,
Exceed the rapine of the ſavage kind;
By thouſands ſaw the natives doom'd to death,*
On Ganges' ſacred banks reſign their breath;
The babe, by his fond mother ſtill careſt,
And ſtarv'd, refuſing her exhauſted breaſt;
Beheld the mighty ſtream† relax his force,
While hills of carcaſes obſtruct his courſe;

With

* The author here alludes to that ſevere famine in the province of Bengal, in the years 1769 and 1770, when no leſs than three millions of Indians periſhed by the famine: It is generally reported throughout Europe, that this famine was entirely an artificial one, occaſioned by the Engliſh monopolizing the rice, in order to raiſe it to an exorbitant price. The author does not confirm, and for the honour of his countrymen and of human nature, dares not believe the fact; which, if true, would be an indelible ſtigma upon the Engliſh nation, exhibiting a ſpecies of barbarity, to be exceeded only by the Dutch maſſacre of the Engliſh at Amboyna in the year 1622, and of the Chineſe at Batavia in the year 1740.

† Ganges, an immenſe river ariſing in the mountains that ſeparate India from Tartary, running 1500 miles through the Mogul's dominions,

With Britiſh blood ſaw Indian ſands embrue'd,
And Britiſh robbers worthily ſubdue'd;
By HYDER's hand ſhe ſaw defiance hurl'd,
And Britons trembling thro' the Eaſtern world.

Where-e'er at home the Goddeſs turns her eyes,
Sad objects ſtrike, and loud laments ariſe;
Where-e'er ſhe moves, ſad objects ſtill appear;
With Poverty ſhe view'd deſponding Fear,
Anguiſh extreme, which cannot hide her ſmart,
With conſcious ruin torturing the heart;
And, tho' immortal, trembled when ſhe met
Th' enormous Hydra of—the NATION's DEBT,
Led by the Gianteſs, Neceſſity,
With legal terrors arm'd, intent to try
All art, all force, to cram with plenteous food
The HARPY TAXES, her devouring brood,

Who,

dominions, and emptying itſelf by ſeveral channels into the bay of Bengal. This river is worſhipped by the ſuperſtitious Indians under any national calamity; and it is their cuſtom to carry ſuch as are dying to the banks of the river, and when dead, to throw them into it. During the famine, from theſe and other cauſes, vaſt numbers of the dying and the dead were found on the banks of this river. The circumſtance of the Indians, throwing the dead bodies into the Ganges, was very providential; for otherwiſe, in all human probability, ſo many carcaſes, by putrifying above ground, would have cauſed an univerſal plague.

Who, with inſatiate hunger, fly around,
And with their ravenous jaws devour the ground.‡

The Goddeſs mourn'd,—but chiefly mourn'd to ſee
Commerce, bright daughter of the wealthy ſea,
With tatter'd garb, in narrow port confine'd,
(Her penſive head upon her hand recline'd,
And liſt'ning to the beating rain and wind,)
Who late was habited in gorgeous robe,
Adorn'd with all the riches of the globe;
From ſpicy gales her precious breath ſhe drew,
Embalm'd with eſſence of Arabian dew:
Her's was the pearl, where orient ſun-beams ſhine,
And her's the diamond from Golconda's mine:
Of old, fair Albion's boſom ſhe inflame'd
And from her gold the regal ſceptre frame'd:
'Twas her free hand held forth the brighteſt gem
That now adorns her Monarch's diadem.

She caſt her glance next o'er the Muſes' reign,
In Famine's cave young Genius heard complain,
With ſympathetic woe, the Goddeſs views,
Bath'd in her flowing tears, the Lyric Muſe.

His

‡ In alluſion to the Land-tax.

His timeleſs fate, on Pluto's dreary ſhore,
She heard indignant CHATTERTON* deplore,
And ſelf-devoted, on the Stygian ſtrand,
(Graſping the poiſon'd chalice in his hand,)
Curſe his ungrateful, taſteleſs, native Land.

Th' exceſſive rigour of the barbarous Law
To Debtor's mercileſs,† enrage'd ſhe ſaw:
Defrauders offering artificial bail,
And honeſt merit periſhing in jail.
From her deep breaſt ſhe raiſe'd a generous ſigh,
And on her BEAUCHAMP§ caſt a wiſtful eye.

While

* Chatterton, a young man originally of Briſtol, of an amazing and almoſt univerſal genius, to the eternal diſgrace of his pretended literary Patrons, at the age of eighteen, poiſoned himſelf in a garret in London, to avoid being gradually ſtarved to death; and, as if out of pique to the ungrateful lettered world, before his death he burnt every paper in his poſſeſſion, and by that raſh act hath rendered it almoſt impoſſible, at this period, to decide poſitively on the authenticity or forgery of the beautiful poems attributed to Rowlie.

† Ingenious foreigners remark, that, notwithſtanding our boaſted freedom, there are no laws in Europe ſo unaccountably ſevere againſt debtors as the Engliſh: though at the ſame time, with all their ſeverities, they are in many other reſpects defective, and countenance many bare-faced frauds with impunity.

§ Lord Beauchamp made ſeveral motions in the Houſe of Commons in favour of unfortunate debtors.

While Riot and Corruption, hand in hand,
Walk'd through each venal Borough of the Land,
Thence tow'ring on with high and haughty ſtrides,
To where the ******* of the ***** preſides.

Deſiſt, O Muſe, and blazon not the crimes,
Nor paint too ſtrong the Image of the times.
Candour with liberal heart, and honeſt fame,
Darts not at Miniſters the brand of ſhame.
Let monſter Party, in his den, expire,
Nor wake the embers of contentious fire.
Of great offenders, Muſe, the faults conceal,
O'er England's errors caſt Oblivion's veil,
Nothing proclaim our peace to diſcompoſe,
And thy free lip in friendly ſilence cloſe.

Goddeſs! proceed to hail the riſing morn,
In which th' auſpicious mighty Year was born:
When two-face'd Janus uſher'd to our view
The full-fraught æra—glorious Eighty-two!

E'er Sol had mounted in the vernal ſigns
(Who ſtill on Albion's realm delighted ſhines;)
His riſing beams o'er all her Coaſt he threw,
Freedom and eloquence his car purſue;

The

The rays bright ſhining with æthereal gold
Th' awaken'd Senators well-pleas'd behold,
With ardent zeal, and emulation fire'd,
And innate Glory's heav'nly charms inſpire'd,
At Freedom's call aroſe the patriot band,
The deſtine'd Saviours of a ſinking land!

Hail'd by their grateful Country's juſt applauſe,
Who firſt, who laſt, harangue'd in Honour's cauſe?

Britain's true friends, in her auſpicious day,
CONWAY and FOX* firſt led the glorious way.
CONWAY, ſage veteran, in arms renown'd!
And FOX with various elocution crown'd;
Quick glide his thoughts and clear, whate'er the theme,
A full and unpremeditated ſtream!
And, as his animated torrents roll,
Thro' his expreſſive eye, beams forth his patriot ſoul;
Then, while contending Parties round him ſit,
All join to praiſe his eloquence or wit.

Ingenious BURKE, in Britain's happy hour,
Strew'd Freedom's path with rhetoric's blooming flower;

* In alluſion to the two motions made by General Conway, and the Hon. Charles Fox in the Houſe of Commons early in the ſpring.

In Ciceronian tide his periods flow,
In bright ſucceſſion, like the wintery ſnow.*
If BURKE, like Ithacus,§ all-graceful ſpoke,
Laconic BARRE', when he ſilence broke,
Like Sparta's King,† in few expreſs'd his thought,
Utt'ring no more, than juſt the thing he ought.

DUNNING, the ſound Interpreter of Laws,
On Conſtitution's baſis rais'd applauſe,
And all his pow'rs diſplay'd in Freedom's cauſe:
In order range'd, his cloudleſs words diſpenſe
Wiſdom's bright charms, and ſterling weight of ſenſe
While from his ſapient and unerring tongue,
In reaſon's lucid chains, Conviction hung.
Long may thy worth thy lofty title grace,
Reflecting honour on thy native place!‡

O for an Angel's tongue, in numbers fit
To ſing the boundleſs excellence of PITT!
Eager the wonders of thy voice to hear,
Th' enamour'd Graces liſten from their ſphere;

Th

* Ἔπια νιφάδεσσιν ἐοικότα χειμερίῃσιν
Verba nivibus ſimilia hybernis.——HOMER.

§ Ulyſſes. † Menelaus

‡ Dunning has ſince obtained the title of Lord Aſhburton, fro
the town of Aſhburton in Devonſhire, the place of his nativity.

Thy copious accents ſwell in claſſic tides,
Perſuaſion's § Goddeſs o'er thy lip preſides,
Thy Country's rights unweary'd to maintain;
Pure is thy ſtile, and in thy poliſh'd ſtrain
True attic Taſte, and Elegancy reign.
Applauding Senators around admire
To hear the youthful ſon thus emulate his ſire.
Amid the foremoſt of the Patriot Band,
In Honour's radiant Dome let SHELBURNE ſtand.
As Hermes*, meſſenger of Gods above,
Carry'd high mandates from Imperial Jove,
So, on the Morning's and the Evening's Wings,
The Nymph Intelligence, to SHELBURNE brings†
The cloſe Reſolves of States, and ſecret Thoughts
of Kings;

§ The late Mr. S. ROGERS, who tranſlated ſome Satires of Juvenal, and ſome of Ovid's Epiſtles, honoured a few parts of this Poem with a beautiful tranſlation into Latin verſe; but, the author is ſorry, that, amidſt the confuſion of his papers, he can only produce the following fragment: —

Dum cultus Pitta perorat,
Suadêla inſidet labiis, quæ, flumine pleno,
Secropioſque ſales volvunt, Venereſque Latinas:
Grande Senatores mirantur mentis acumen,
Ingenium Patris, juvenilî in prole fatentes.

* Mercury.

† Lord Shelburne is ſaid to be in poſſeſſion, tho' at a vaſt expence, of thoſe methods of acquiring the earlieſt intelligence from foreign Courts, which his great Predeceſſor Lord Chatham was maſter of.

What war-alarms in embryo are begun,
From the far-riſing to the ſetting ſun.
Hail Palinurus‡! pre-ordain'd by fate
Thro' ſtormy ſeas to guide the helm of State.
On thee, keen-ſighted Miniſter, ſhall ſmile
The warlike Genius§ of Britannia's Iſle:
While, in thy ſocial and convivial hours,†
Thou worſhip'ſt wiſdom in the Muſes'* bowers.

Widely conſpicuous in th' illuſtrious van,
Shall ſhine the claſſic Name of SHERIDAN;
With lovely Freedom's ſacred raptures fire'd,
Thalia's ſon, by every Muſe inſpire'd!

Nor

‡ Lord Shelburne was appointed the Firſt Lord of the Treaſury on the 8th day of July.

§ In alluſion to his Lordſhip's letters to the principal Cities in England, upon the plan of raiſing men and arms, in the exigency of a threatened invaſion: At the time of the firſt edition, it was impoſſible that the author ſhould have any alluſion to the haſty peace which hath ſince taken place, whether that peace be good or bad, honourable or diſhonourable.

† Before his Lordſhip was ſo very much engaged in the more intereſting concerns of the nation, he is ſaid to have ſpent his evenings with ſome of the firſt literary characters of the age.

* — — — — — σοφὶ
ἀεὶ δ' ἐν μοχοισι Πιερίδων.
Sapientiam vero receſſibus Muſarum.

PINDAR.

Nor in thy turn ſhalt thou remain unſung,
In diſtant Devon born, O Patriot YONGE!
Like ſage Ulyſſes in thy early youth,
Roving to foreign climes in ſearch of truth;
To learn how wiſe Germania's Princes rule,
In Leipſic* taught, the Politicians' School!
From pleaſing home and native country far,
To ſcan the ſacred laws of peace and war,
To con Imperial Leagues and Treaties o'er;
And hence returning to thy much-love'd ſhore
With wiſdom fraught, and freedom's right divine,
In Britain's Senate laſt prepar'd to ſhine.

In lovely virtue firſt, and firſt in fame,
Thee laſt, O ROCKINGHAM, the Muſe ſhall name;
Tho' ſhe her piercing glances caſt around
O'er all the regions of fair Freedom's ground,

* Sir George Yonge, in his early youth, with many others of the Engliſh nobility, ſtudied at Leipſic, an opulent City and famous Univerſity, in the Circle of Upper Saxony, in Germany; where Profeſſor Maſcow read his celebrated Lectures on Grotius de Jure Pacis et Belli; and Sir Geo. Yonge was, at that early period, ſo very ſtudious of Politics, that he is ſaid, during his reſidence at Leipſic, to have tranſcribed ſeveral of the moſt important German Leagues and Treaties.

Where may ſhe one remaining mortal ſee,
In firm integrity to match with thee?
Since bliſs flies ſudden as the viewleſs blaſt,
On earth tranſcendent merit cannot laſt.
Hail patriot ſhade! hail WENTWORTH! ‖ honour's flower!
By Time's ſcythe cut, in unpropitious hour!
Her mournful lyre, 'mid willow-trees unſtrung,
While weighty griefs ſuppreſs the Muſe's tongue,
She, in dumb ſilence, waits the funeral bier,
While Britain's guardian Angel ſheds the tear!

Crown'd with ſucceſs, the ſage determine'd band
Revive'd the drooping Spirit of the land;
And Conqueſt ſmile'd on Afric's diſtant Strand.
On Moureè's turrets* Britain's colours fly,
And with their glory bright, illume the Southern ſky.

With thoughts deſpiſing toil, for Britain's ſake
New Pilots† their allotted ſtations take,

Safe

‖ Charles Watſon Wentworth, Marquis of Rockingham, died on the 12th day of June.

* In the latter end of the month of April the forts and factories of Moureè', Cormantine, Apan, and Barricoe, on the coaſt of Africa, were taken by the Engliſh.

† A total change of Adminiſtration took place in the latter end of the month of March.

Safe by the rocks and ſhelves, the Veſſel guide,
Late well nigh wreck'd in black Misfortune's tide.
Hence Fortune's ſmiles our naval efforts bleſs
With the firſt happy omens of ſucceſs.
And hence behold brave BARRINGTON advance, §
And point his thunder 'gainſt the coaſts of France.

The Royal mind approve'd the novel plan,
And reformation ſwift thro' England ran,
But at the Royal Palace firſt began;
Where Europe's delegated train reſort,
Economy was introduce'd at Court:
(So call'd by Courtiers of cœleſtial birth,
But plain Frugality by ſons of earth,)
While in confuſion and amaze ſhe bends,
The Uſher kind his ſable wand extends;
Encourage'd thus, advance'd the trembling fair,
And kiſs'd the Royal hand with timid air.
Thus modeſt erſt, in Perſia's Court was ſeen
Fair Eſther, Ahaſeurus' new made Queen;
Before the Eaſtern King ſhe trembling ſtood,
While to her heart recoil'd her refluent blood;

In

§ On the 20th day of April the Pegaſe of 74, and l'Actionaire of 64 guns, together with ten ſail of merchant ſhips under their convoy, were taken from the French, off Uſhant, by Admiral Barrington.

In ſign of grace, 'till ſhe beheld his hand
Stretch forth the golden ſceptre of command:
So bluſhing in our ſplendid Court was was ſeen
The Nymph of garments neat* and ruſtic mien.
Robuſt and hardy; nature's florid red
Upon her healthy, high-bone'd cheeks was ſpread.
In ſhape and hue, moſt like a Scottiſh Dame,
For laſt from Scotia's frugal clime ſhe came:
Th' admiring Novice bent around her view;
Scarce one of all the Cheſterfieldian crew,
Or one of all the motley tribe, ſhe knew.
She look'd around, and look'd around again;
So few of all her Northern friends remain!
Courtiers, like ſchool-boys' whirligigs§, are twirl'd,
Now in, now out, the paſtime of the world,
She trembled for her aukward hopeleſs fate,
Repulſe'd ſo long, and introduce'd ſo late;

She

* Simplex Munditiis.——Hor.

§ 'Whirligig,' an old word for a top: and if any faſtidious Courtier ſhould be offended at the lowneſs or homelineſs of the compariſon, he will do well to remember, that the lofty Epic Poet, Virgil, compares Amata, the wife of King Latinus, in all her courtly rage, to a top, and the boys whipping it.

Ceu quando torto volitans ſub verbere turbo
Quem pueri, magno in gyro, vacua atria circum
Intenti ludo exercent.

Virg.

She almoſt fainted 'till one hope ſhe ſpy'd,
(Frugality was ever eagle-eye'd!)
She raiſe'd her timid eye, and view'd a face,
The ſeat of lovelineſs, and female grace,
Born to delight all hearts, all Parties pleaſe,
And blending aweful dignity with eaſe;
While from her ſmiling cheek, and placid eye,
Beam'd forth to view, complacent Majeſty:
Expreſſive of her ſoul's internal worth,
External Affability ſhone forth:
While her fair offspring, in a riſing band,
(Honour's freſh bloſſoms†, opening on the land)
Around her Princely ſide, like olive-branches ſtand.
This lovely figure when the ſtranger ſaw,
Oppreſs'd with maiden diffidence and awe
She thought ſhe'd Britain's guardian Angel ſeen,
Nor knew that ſhe beheld her gracious QUEEN.
While Majeſty well-pleaſe'd her charms diſplay'd,
And deign'd to ſmile on th' unobtruſive maid;

Aſk'd

† This triplet in vain attempts to deſcribe that amiable group, which her Majeſty exhibited on her laſt birth-day, with all the young Princes and Princeſſes around her, in gradation according to their ſeveral ages and ſtatures. – Since the firſt edition of this work, that very ingenious artiſt, Gainſborough, ſeems to have adopted a ſimilar idea, in the late Royal Exhibition.

Aſk'd who ſhe was, and whence the Stranger came;
(For the good Chamberlain§ forgot her name.)
With voice ſublimely-beautiful* and loud,
Like fame'd Æneas burſting from the cloud,
While cringing Courtiers bow before the throne,
Lo! BURKE ſtood forth, and claim'd her as his own;
For he from Scotia's hills invoke'd the fair,
Wiſh'd her at Court, and joy'd to find her there.
Next Princely RICHMOND recognize'd the Maid,
And generous SHELBURNE promiſe'd her his aid.
When quick advancing with a pleaſing ſmile,
Th' official Houſe-hold Steward†, gay CARLISLE
Receive'd the Fair, and with that ſplendid grace
And elegance, that charm'd Hibernia's race.

Stop thy bold note, and ceaſe ambitious views,
Would'ſt thou be known at Court, O rural Muſe?
What! two unheard of Wonders at a time,
Goddeſs Œconomy, and Goddeſs Rhime?

The

§ Lord Chamberlain.

* Mr. Burke, who projected the celebrated plan of œconomy, is likewiſe alluded to, as being the author of a Treatiſe on "The Sublime and Beautiful."

† It was originally the real office of the Lord Steward, to ſuperintend the management of the King's houſe; and therefore he ſeems the moſt proper perſon, ex officio, to introduce œconomy into the Royal apartments.

The baniſh'd Muſes hold a Court their own,
In fancied dance round Phœbus' radiant throne;
Scour o'er Parnaſſus in their lofty pride,
And Pegaſus the Hobby-horſe they ride:
They breathe pure æther, and for heavenly fare,
Cameleon-like, are taught to feed on air:
Late, on Ambroſial Metaphors they dine,
While Hebè crowns th' ideal cup with wine,
Preſs'd from harmonious grapes, on rich Pieria's vine.
Art thou more groſs, and ſenſual in thy views,
Can'ſt thou not feed on Heliconian dews,
Or why complain to me, O ſtarving Muſe?
For I, alas! can yield thee no relief,
Oppreſt, diſtreſt, in ſequeſtrated grief: *
Then, like the fabled Swan, thy notes raiſe high,
Sing thy laſt ſong, O ſing it well, and die.

The

* The Author is here ſuppoſed by the Editor to allude to the illegal ‡ Sequeſtration of his Living, by his litigious unlettered Brother-in-law, and in conſequence of it, to the mercileſs perſecutions of ſome other violent Creditors.

‡ *Since this Poem was firſt publiſhed, the illegallity of the ſequeſtration has been clearly proved: the ſequeſtration has been relaxed; and the author has experienced ample juſtice from the protection of the laws of his country in the Courts of Judicature; though he cannot help hinting at the ſame time, that the Lawyers have likewiſe done themſelves ſuch ample juſtice, as to leave their Client nothing of the* CONTESTED OYSTER *but the* SHELL.

The new appointed Miniſters of State,
In watchful caution o'er the Nation's fate,
For honourable peace firſt make eſſay,
E'er they let looſe the Lion on his prey;
And wiſh to join in Friendſhip's laſting bands,
Th' oppoſing intereſts of three hoſtile lands,
And e'er they make the haughty Nations bend
Before the ſword, the olive-branch extend.
Hence delegated powers, with liberal care,
To ſpacious Europe's different Courts repair.
To Europe's different Courts repair in vain—
What earthly power, the haughtineſs of Spain†
Can humble or controul? her vaſt demands
Would ſwallow ſoon all Albion's ſea-girt Lands.
And ſhe would yet unſatisfied remain—
Such is the craving arrogance of Spain!
While Gallia's Monarch, in his ſplendid pride,
Britain's moſt friendly offers dares deride;
But fears t' encounter boldly, man to man,
Divide and conquer,*—is the Gallic plan.

Hence

† The reader may remember, that at the time the preſent Adminiſtration came into office, the demands of the Court of Spain reſpecting peace, were ſaid to be very exorbitant—nothing leſs than an immediate ſurrender of Gibraltar, with a long liſt of &c. &c. &c.

* Divide & impera.

Hence with a ſpecious ſhew, but fell intent.
In ſhips of winged ſpeed his Envoys ſent,‡
Swift plough th' Atlantic, with their ſails unfurl'd
To ſow Diſſention in the Weſtern World.
This Britain's Genius ſaw acroſs the main,
He warn'd America, but warn'd in vain;
Before his eye Contention's Goddeſs flew,
Faſter than he immortal could purſue.

Let not, howe'er, the humble Bard in vain
To you addreſs his artleſs patriot ſtrain,
Ye younger children of Columbian* race!
With independent hearts again embrace
Your Britiſh Sires! and O ye Sires, no more
Imbrue your rigid hands in filial gore.
The thrifty Rulers of Batavia's§ State,
High Mightinesses ſtile'd, with pride elate,
Could Guile enſure ſucceſs, would baffle fate.

‡ As ſoon as ever the change of the Engliſh Miniſtry was known at Paris, emiſſaries were immediately diſpatched for America, in order to prevent the Congreſs from making a ſeparate peace with the Mother Country.

* America is called Columbia, from Columbus the firſt Diſcoverer.

§ Batavia, antient name for Holland.

For riſing arts renown'd, and patriot worth,
The Amazonian EMPRESS of the North,*
(Where vaſt lakes ſpread, and rapid rivers roll,
In various tracts, from Caſpia to the Pole;
And who extends her arbitrary reign
O'er Europe's ſons, and Aſia's northern ſwain)
Solicits Belgia's† haughty ſons‡ in vain.
Their ſelfiſh thoughts to trade are downward bent,
Not all the Powers of Europe's Continent
With Dutchmen reaſon, like to—CENT per CENT.

Religionleſs,

* The Empreſs Queen of Ruſſia, by her Ambaſſadors, was a ſtrenuous Advocate in behalf of England with the States of Holland; and ſhe is confeſſedly, at preſent, the greateſt Patroneſs of Arts and Sciences (her warlike rival, that univerſal encourager of univerſal Science, the aged Monarch of Pruſſia, excepted) of all the crowned heads in Europe; and her vaſt territories, including Siberia (the ancient Scythia) in the North of Aſia, extend near 3000 miles from Eaſt to Weſt; and near 2000 from South to North; viz. from the Caſpian Sea to the Frozen Ocean. And Ruſſia contains ſo many large lakes and rivers, that it was, by Heylin in his Coſmography, called the Mother of Rivers.

† Belgia, another ancient name for Holland.

‡ It was confidently reported, that their High Mightineſſes the Dutch, as the conditions of a peace, inſiſted, that the Engliſh ſhould reſtore all the ſhips they had taken, and defray all expences, which the States had incurred during the war.

Religionleſs, they Orthodox remain,
Trinal Triplicity they ſtill maintain,
And ſerve three Gods in one, Craft, Trade, and Gain.
Amid the vapours of the ſtagnant wine,
While they bow down before their power divine,
Clouds of Tobacco fumigate the Shrine.

Ye Hollanders! from lethargy ariſe,
Full on th' aſcending Sun erect your eyes,
Toward the orient realms, and Indian ſea,
In the wide mouth of fame'd Bengala's‡ bay,
Where from ſurrounding Ocean, noontide gales
Timely refreſh hot Ceylon's* ſpicy vales;

‡ Bengal's.

* This moſt invaluable Iſland in the Eaſt-Indies, ſituated in the Indian Ocean, in the extremity of the Bay of Bengal, near to Cape Comorin, the ſouthern Promontory of Hither India, about 250 miles long and 200 broad, was firſt diſcovered by the Portugueſe, in the year 1520; but in the year 1656, the crafty Dutch were called in by the oppreſſed natives to defend them from the Portugueſe; and they ſubdued both the Portugueſe and the natives; and confining the King of the Iſland in his capital city of Candy, made themſelves maſters of the coaſt, and have kept poſſeſſion of it ever ſince, excluding all other Nations from this Indian Paradiſe. The tree peculiar to this climate is the cinnamon; and this tree is ſo very common, that there are whole foreſts of it, particularly in the ſouthern part of the Iſland.

Behold (and tremble at Britannia's power)
Her ſtandard high on Trinquimala's† tower §:
See! groves of Cinnamon already ſhake,
And at the ſound of Britiſh axes quake.

Ye powers of Fancy bear your Bard away,—
In Glory's tract acroſs th' Atlantic ſea.
Upborn by you, I ſeem already paſt,
Swifter than light, or than the lightning's blaſt,
(Safe in impenetrable viewleſs robe,)
O'er half the ſurface of the Earthly Globe;
And, in pure viſion of the mental eye,
Inſpire'd by you, thoſe Regions I deſcry,
Where Charibbèan Iſles in ocean riſe,
And with their towering heads ſalute the ſkies;

By

† Trinquimala, or Trincamalee, (a garriſon and ſea-port town in the Iſland of Ceylon, ſituated in the North-Eaſt part of the Iſland, 100 miles from Candy,) was taken from the Dutch by Adm. Hughes, together with two Dutch ſpice-ſhips richly laden, with ſeveral other veſſels, and a great quantity of ordnance, about the beginning of the year 1782, or at leaſt the intelligence of it's capture arrived in England within the year: Admiral Hughes likewiſe took Negapatnam, on the Coaſt of Coromandel, in the ſame year, during the dangerous ſeaſon of the Monſoons.

§ Fort Oſtenburgh, on the Bay of Trinquimala.

By the firſt dawning of an April-morn,*
I ſee two numerous Fleets together borne:
Like ſwans, in long array, the veſſels ſhow,
Whoſe ſwelling cheſts divide the waves below.
The adverſe ſtandards different enſigns bear;
The Gallic Lilies float in yielding air:
But Britiſh Colours generous Lions grace,
(Emblems renown'd of Britain's warlike race!)
Rampant with rage, with paws diſtain'd in gore,
And on the threatening canvas ſeem to roar.
Wake'd by preluding cannons' dreadful ſound
See! Neptune ſtarting from his realms profound,
In ſea-green garment wet, with dripping hair,
Such his important haſte, and eager care!
For the ſtern Ruler of the watery plain
Fear'd ſome invaſion of his antient reign,

* The grand ſea-fight, on the ever memorable 12th of April, begun in the morning ſoon after the ſun-riſing.—In the general latitude of the Carribèan Iſlands, the days are but ſhort; the ſun in the month of April ariſing there about ſeven o'clock in the morning, and ſetting by five in the evening. And though the trade-winds generally ſet in, in the Carribèan ſea, about that ſeaſon of the year, there are nevertheleſs frequent ſhiftings or temporary changes of wind; and ſuch a lucky change is ſaid to have happened in the night preceding the engagement, which gave the Engliſh Admiral the advantage of the weather-gage.

Viewing ſuch ſea-built forts in fierce array,
So vaſt ne'er floated in the Weſtern ſea.*

On yon high deck, ſee gallant RODNEY ſtand,
And wave the ſanguine ſignal of command.
On wings of all the winds he bears away,
Like a fleet eagle, croſs the yielding ſea,
And, like th' Imperial bird, ſtoops to no vulgar prey.

Full in the centre of the hoſtile line,
Where ruffling ſtreamers in the ſun-beams ſhine;
In golden ſplendour †, like the Eaſtern Brides,
With painted ſtern, the Ville de Paris rides,
And, in exalted ſtate, ſwims o'er th' admiring tides.

Ceaſe, lofty Admiral, thy pride immenſe!
Nor deem her painted ſtern ‡ thy ſure defence:
Look timely from thy deck,—behold not far
RODNEY and HOOD, two thunderbolts § of war.

Falſe

* The Engliſh fleet conſiſted of 36 ſail, and the French of 34 ſail of the line, by far the greateſt fleets that ever engaged in the Weſt-Indies: It is remarkable, however, that the French had the advantage in weight of metal.

† The French Admiral's ſhip, the Ville de Paris, the boaſt and pride of the City of Paris, was gilded from head to ſtern, had 1500 men on board, and mounted 110 guns.

‡ Nil pictis—navita puppibus fidit.——HOR.

§ —— Duo fulmina belli.——VIRG.

False thy presuming hopes, thy thoughts are vain;
Intrepid RODNEY thunders on amain.
The fight begins—with flaming ports they greet,
For such the dread salute, when GRASSE and RODNEY meet!
Spirits of Rooke—Blake—Russel! from your shrine
Look down, where long as kindred stars ye shine,
And with firm phalanx see! your rival break the line.‖

See DRAKE and HOOD† like sons of Mars appear,
While that conducts the van, and this inspires the rear.
See!

‖ Admiral Sir George Bridges Rodney (who understood the English old-fashioned method of sea-fighting) seemed, at the very first onset, to have entertained a notion of taking the French Admiral; and the victory was chiefly owing to that manœuvre of his, in breaking the enemy's line: for though the French Admirals have rather the advantage, by their quickness and precision, in giving and receiving signals, and though the French generally fight well, while the line is supported; yet when once the line is broken, by sea or land, they seldom or ever form again to any good effect, and scarcely ever fight well in a disordered state; whereas it is characteristic both of the English sailors and soldiers, not only to be dexterous in reforming the line, when broken, but even to fight well in disorder and general confusion.

† Though the decisive engagement happened on the 12th day of April, Sir Samuel Hood, who on the 10th led the van, had that day a smart skirmish with some part of the French fleet. But on the 12th, the order of battle seems to have been changed, for then it is said, that Drake led the van, Rodney supported the center, and Hood led the rear.

See! each brave Captain, ſcorning foul diſmay,
Purſue the bloody tract, where RODNEY leads the way;
While glow the Mariners with generous ire,
And ſend their hearts with every ball they fire.
Awe'd by the cannons' ſound the waves retreat*,
And 'gainſt the labouring veſſels faintly beat;
And, to increaſe the horrors of the fight,
Phœbus aſcending his meridian height,
Enrage'd, darts down his burning ſhafts of light†.
And as the mariners fatigue'd reſpire,
Air they inhale, impregnated with fire—
Grim Death, in triumph, o'er the war preſides,
Towering from deck to deck with horrid ſtrides,
(Round his impaſſive ſhape while cannons roar)
'Mid falling maſts, and mangled limbs, and gore;

Arm'd

* Whoever has been in a ſea-fight, muſt have obſerved, that though the ſea be rough at the beginning, it ſoon grows calm after interchanging a few broadſides.

† The Iſland of Dominica, near which the battle was fought, being not far from the line, intenſe heat muſt have been a leading circumſtance, independent of violent exerciſe, continual firing of guns, &c. &c. for the whole day of the 12th of April was very dry and clear over head, though at intervals, in the courſe of the action, many parts of both the fleets were almoſt entirely involved in ſmoke.

Arm'd with his dart, in terrible delight
Smiles ghaſtly o'er the bloody front of fight,
In act to ſtrike—while each bold Britiſh heart
Beats high, and bounds againſt his blunted dart.
Amid ſurrounding ſmoke, in fiery fight,
England's brave Admiral is veil'd from ſight*.
Yet brazen engines pour his terrors loud,
Like Jove's own thunders, burſting from a cloud.
Wounded, they wound; nor either hoſt will yield,
Or quit its ſtation in the watery field:
'Till Phœbus downwards† drives his flaming car,
Alternate fortune, rules the naval war:
As tides, 'twixt ebb and flow, run neither way,
So, neither Nation's arms can win the glorious day;
'Till Fate, her awful balance lifts ‡ on high
With her vaſt hand, athwart the glowing ſky:

From

* Admiral Rodney's ſhip, the Formidable, at one time of the engagement, is ſaid to have been ſo very much involved in ſmoke, for ſome minutes, as not to be viſible to the reſt of the fleet.

† After a bloody fight for ſome hours, about noon, or a little after, the unexpected and ſudden ſinking of the Diadem, a French ſhip of war of 74 guns, with 900 men on board, was the firſt omen of approaching victory on behalf of the Engliſh.

‡ —— ἐτίταινε ταλάντα. Hom.
attollebat lances.

From Isle to Isle she strides, each step she took
Prest by immortal feet § each Island shook,
While pass'd the Goddess thro' the wondering seas,
And, in her scales, each Nation's fortune weighs.
Britain's elastic Virtue high ascends,
Surcharge'd with death, the Gallic doom descends †.
Conquest (thro' Valour's odds) with ray divine
On Britain's hardy Sons prepares to shine.
Yonder tall vessel *, thro' her wounded sides,
With mighty breach, receives the rushing tides.
No further subterfuge, no further flight,
Lo! arms, and men, and masts, all sink to endless night;
And greedy Ocean, with his treacherous face,
In smiling eddies dimples o'er the place.

Fearing

§ Ποσσιν υπ' αθανατοισι Ποσειδαωνος ιοντος. Hom.
Pedibus sub immortalibus Neptuni euntis.

† It is very clear, that, in the classical way of weighing fates, the heavier scale was the unsuccessful; whereas Milton, by following the scriptural sense, "of being weighed and being found wanting in weight," hath made Satan "kick the beam," as a prognostic of his ill success. The classical method is demonstrated from the following:

—— ῥέπε δ' ἰΕκτορος αἴσιμον ἦμαρ,
vergebat autem Hectoris fatalis dies.
Ωἴχετο δ' εἰς ἀΐδαος —— Hom.
Abiitque ad Orcum.

And likewise from the following in Virgil—*quo vergat pondere lethum.*

* The Diadem.

Fearing like fate, the Gallic ſhips retreat,
The fainting ſeamen burn with ſcorching heat;
Their guns forſake*, while Britiſh martial cheers†,
More than the thundering cannons, 'fright their ears.
Th' experienc'd Leaders of the Gallic bands,
In vain oppoſe with ſabres in their hands:
Deſp'rate with fear, the mariners would die,
To ſhun the lightning of the Britiſh eye‡,

The

* The French officers, both by ſea and land, are for the moſt part very brave, and experienced; and though the French ſailors in general have fought much better in this, than in former wars, yet in cloſe engagements, yard-arm and yard-arm, they are frequently with great difficulty kept to their guns; and it is not unuſual upon their forſaking them, for their own officers to run ſome of the firſt that fly through the body at once, as a terror to the reſt.

† The Engliſh ſailors generally give a cheer after every broadſide, particularly when they are cloſely engaged; and this exceſs of courage hath a great effect in intimidating the enemy.

‡ Some old Engliſh General hath obſerved, that the French never will be made to ſtand their ground, after they come near enough to diſcern the colour of an Engliſhman's eye. And a ſimilar remark hath been made by Julius Cæſar, 2000 years ago; where, in his Commentaries he ſays, that the antient Gauls, in their engagements with the ſoldiers of Arioviſtus the German, could not look them in the face, or bear the ſtroke of their eye.

Ne vultum quidem, atque aciem oculorum ferre potuiſſe.

Cæſar de bello Gallico.

The Gallic Chief reſtrains the yielding bands,
High on the deck the lofty Hero* ſtands,
And for inceſſant fight, continues his commands.
As when, the hundred-handed§ Giant ſtrove
Wielding his darts againſt the bolts of Jove;
Thus, while the heartleſs ſeamen quit their poſts,
Paris in vain her hundred thunders boaſts.
Lure'd by the ſplendid prize, from near and far,
Britain's uniting Chiefs direct the war
Againſt her burniſh'd ſides—not long they hold,
Soon Britain's iron ſtorm‖ rends Gallia's beamy gold.
Her ſtandard falls—and beauteous now no more,
Her pallid Lilies bluſh, diſtaine'd with crimſon gore:
While ſhouts of victory the welkin rend,
See! Britain's eager ſons the deck aſcend.
Bluſh Grandeur! bluſh; and view fall'n Gallia's Chief,
Struggling with conſcious ſhame, and ſpeechleſs grief,
Reluctant quit his ſtation of command,
And yield his ſword to RODNEY's conquering hand.

See

* The French Admiral De Graſſe, is ſix feet and half high, and very ſtout.

§ Briareus.

‖ Cannon balls compoſed of iron.

See four proud veſſels† of the Gallic crew.
Their leader's force'd example quick purſue:
Others diſperſe'd confide in ſhameful flight,
And ſeek the ſhelter of the moonleſs night.
Like a fierce comet in the darken'd ſky
What blazing object yonder ſtrikes mine eye?
Horror behold, and glut thy greedy ſight,
Where burning Cæſar* yields malignant§ light.
Amid the conflict of the Sea and Fire,
Britons and Gauls promiſcuouſly expire.
To ſhun the raging flames, in wild affright,
Some climb the ropes to gain the top-maſt' height;
While others headlong in a deſperate ſtate,
Leap on the waves to meet a milder fate.

† In the evening of the 12th of April, Admiral Rodney took the following French ſhips of war, viz. the Ville de Paris, 110 guns and 1500 men; the Glorieux, 74, 900 men; the Hector, 74, 900 men; the Ardent, 64, 750 men (originally Engliſh, and taken by the combined fleets of France and Spain, off Plymouth, in the ſummer of 1779); and the Cæſar, 74, 900 men, one of the beſt ſhips of her ſize in the French ſervice: this ſhip was burnt ſoon after it was captured; it took fire by accident, and by far the greateſt part of the crew, with an Engliſh Lieutenant and about 50 Engliſh ſailors, periſhed in her: the veſſel for ſome time burnt gradually, 'till the fire reached the magazine of powder, when ſhe blew up at once.—Another French ſhip of war, of 84 guns, was ſo much damaged in the action, that it ſoon afterwards was ſtranded in one of the American harbours.

* French 74 of that name.

§ *Luce maligna.*

As lambent flames conſume by ſlow delays,
Nitre and ſulphur † kindle into blaze:
With vaſt exploſion all aloft they bear,
The mangled mariners expire in air,
And ſwift deſcend into their watery graves,
While burning planks hiſs in the briny waves.

Who moſt courageous fought, or bled, to tell
Were hard and needleſs, when they all fought well.
One noble youth may yet diſtinction crave,
Heroic Granby's‡ ſon, and braveſt of the brave!
Britiſh exceſſive valour ſcorns retreat,
Valour, "deſtructive to the brave and great!"
Thus MANNERS bled*, by too ſevere a doom,
(Like young Marcellus§) in his early bloom:
His praiſe ſhall fill the earth, while Ocean is his tomb.
Or, if ſome Engliſh Virgil ſhall be born,
His name, like fame'd Marcellus, ſhall adorn

Th'

† Powder Magazine. ‡ Late Marquis of Granby.

* Lord Robert Manners, Captain of the Reſolution, after having diſplayed many heroic examples of valour, died of his wounds ſoon after the naval engagement, in the 24th year of his age.

§ A moſt amiable and promiſing young Roman, the ſon of Octavia, the ſiſter of the Emperor Auguſtus, (and intended by him for his ſucceſſor to the Roman Empire) whoſe early death is immortalized

Th' Heroic ſong—or SEWARD's heav'nly Muſe
Embalm his Memory with Pierian dews,
Freſh to aſcend the Temple of bright Fame,
Where ſhines advent'rous Cooke's, and martyr'd
André's name.

Long were to tell the vigilance of HOOD†,
When he (with ſails expanded wide) purſue'd

mortalized by Virgil. It is recorded, when that Poet recited the 6th Book of his Æneid, at the Roman Court, on pronouncing the words:——

Heu miſerande puer, ſi qua fata aſpera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris ———

that Octavia fainted; but ordered the Bard ten ſeſterces for every line reſpecting her ſon; and the illuſtrious relative* of the noble deceaſed, by his reported liberality to the author of the Cypreſs Wreath, ſeems to be poſſeſſed of Octavia's generous ſentiments.—May he meet with a Virgil to merit his patronage in its fulleſt extent!

† Some few days after the engagement, he fell in with and took the Caton, of 64 guns, and 550 ſeamen; the Jaſon, 64 guns, 609 ſeamen and troops; two frigates, l'Amiable of 32 guns, and the Ceres of 18 guns; near Mona Paſſage, between Hiſpaniola and Porto Rico. Theſe ſtraggling veſſels were not in the general engagement, having ſeparated from the French fleet before that commenced, and were captured while they were endeavouring to overtake the grand fleet.—Thus in the ſea-fight, and in the purſuit after it, of the French fleet were taken, ſunk, burnt, and deſtroyed, nine ſhips of the line and two frigates; and two other ſhips were ſo very much damaged as not to be fit for ſervice again for a conſiderable time.

* *Duke of Rutland.*

The fleet, which haſted thro' the narrow ſea,
Their numbers thinn'd, and ſtruck them with diſmay;
So homeward ſpeed the doves on pinions light,
The rapid Falcon‡ intercepts their flight:
He tears their milk-white plumes, the reſt with fear
Enter their cote, and pant with terror there.
O Patriot Muſe, on war-exhauſted wing
Return,—domeſtic glories briefly ſing:
Go! where the Council of the Nation ſate,
Hear! Britiſh Senators in cloſe debate:

Behold DUNDAS*, with merited applauſe,
Defend the injure'd Indian's righteous cauſe.

See! Britain's Senate, ſcorning to confine
The godlike right of Freedom, bid her ſhine,
In her full radiance, on Hibernia's plain,
And warm the heart of every loyal Swain.

Ye

‡ Redegit in veros timores
Cæſar ab Italiâ volantem,
Remis adurgens (accipiter velut
Molles columbas.)

* In alluſion to his popular motion in the Houſe of Commons reſpecting an enquiry into ſome ſuſpected peculations in the Eaſt-Indies.

Ye Hills Hibernian† and ye Vales rejoice,
While Woods and Glades re-echo to your voice:
Let Pleaſure pour her feſtive note around,
And every tongue repeat the grateful ſound.
Borne by the breezes of propitious gales,
Commerce again ſhall ſpread her ſwelling ſails;
While, from th' abundance of your fruitful ſtore,
Superfluous produce to each foreign ſhore
Your mariners in numerous ſhips convey,
Thro' the vaſt Weſtern and the Eaſtern ſea:
And while to India's wealthy clime they run,
Bring back the riches of the riſing ſun.
Under your gentle TEMPLE's* patriot reign,
Fair Science ſhall extend her wide domain,
And bigot Superſtition's horrid gloom
Lie buried ever in Oblivion's tomb.

From glad Hibernia's plenteous ſoil return
O Muſe, behold where Britiſh Senates burn
In conteſt fierce, and 'mid thy triumph mourn.

† In alluſion to the repeal of Poining's Act, together with other freedoms granted to Ireland by the Britiſh Parliament; and in conſequence thereof, to a more extenſive, if not abſolutely free Trade.

* There have been few Viceroys of Ireland more popular than Earl Temple was during the ſhort period of his adminiſtration.

Is it the Dog-ſtar‡ fires the patriot brains,
Or that old Saturn's baneful Planet§ reigns?
O Earth! O Heaven! what do I hear and ſee?
Can Britain's boaſted Patriots diſagree?
Ye Sons of Freedom, an illuſtrious band!
Ceaſe your fell ſtrife, nor with diſcordant hand
Tear out the bleeding bowels of your Land.
Why Fox, why BURKE, (ſo hath not Heaven decreed)
Deſert your country, at her utmoſt need?
When Peleus' godlike Son to rage was fire'd
Thus from the war, his gallant friend retire'd.
Stand forth ſome Neſtor*! to compoſe the ſtrife,
And give to Britain's dying Counſels life.

'Mid the full ſplendours of the ſolar ray,
As paſſing clouds obſcure an April day;

So,

‡ The fatal diſſention of the Patriots, and the reſignation of Fox and Burke, did literally happen in that inflammatory ſeaſon of the ſummer, when the ſun (in the language of Aſtronomers) was in the ſign of Syrius, or the Dog, commonly called Canis Major.

§ Saturn, by judicial Aſtronomers, was ſuppoſed to be the moſt unlucky planet; and the author here alludes to the recent conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn.

* —— Neſtor componores lites. HOR.

So, 'mid the glories of th' eventful year,
Britain's bright Genius ſheds the paſſing tear,
For moſt the Royal Navy is his care.
Where rocky Albion's ſouthern limits end,
And Portſmouth's ſtrong defenſive lines extend,
On the broad beach, cloſe by the ſounding flood,
In penſive thought the weeping Genius ſtood,
Saw dire Misfortune ſweep acroſs the ſtrand,
And, with the preſſure of her heavy hand,
(While plaintive Sea-Nymphs all around her weep)
Plunge Britain's Royal Veſſel † in the deep.
Fame'd Ship of War! what now may thee avail
Thy lofty deck, and widely-ſpreading ſail;
Where many a Naval Hero* raiſe'd on high
Th' Imperial ſtandard to the wondering ſky,
And wide as Ocean's ſpreading waves extend,
To Britain's flag made foreign enſigns bend.
Thy loſs, O veſſel! Britain may defy,
One Noble Patriot ‡, can ſuch loſs ſupply:

Increaſing

† Royal George.

* Lord Anſon, Admiral Boſcawen, Admiral Hawke, and Lord Howe, have at ſeveral times hoiſted their flags on board the Royal George.

‡ Sir James Lowther undertook to build a 74-gun ſhip, at his own expence.

Increaſing navies Britain yet may boaſt,
But what can recompence thy Chieftain* loſt.

Genius of Britain! to thy office true,
Full on th' aſcending ſun extend thy view.
Where ſea-experience'd warrior, HUGHES the brave§,
Maintains thy honour on the Eaſtern wave;
And view delighted, on the Indian ſtrand,
Thy much-love'd COOTE, triumphant‡ on the land;
Before his troops ſee routed Myriads fly,
And yield the ſpoils of gold-wreath'd victory.

So

* Admiral Kempenfelt.

§ Vice Admiral Sir Edward Hughes, in the Eaſt-Indies, in two ſea-fights,, on the 17th of February, and on the 12th of April, particularly in the former, hath been ſo far victorious, that after a moſt obſtinate engagement, he made the enemy, (though poſſeſſed of 11 ſhips of the line againſt nine) to retreat, and by that noble action hath re-eſtabliſhed the honour of the Engliſh flag in the Indian Ocean. —If any curious reader wiſhes to have a particular proof, how very cloſely the Engliſh Admiral was engaged in the ſea-fight, he need only advert to the liſt of killed and wounded: in the ſecond ſea-fight, the fleets were more upon an equality; for, on the 30th of March, Admiral Hughes was reinforced at Madras by the Sultan and Magnanime.

‡ Sir Eyre Coote obtained two important victories in one campaign, on the coaſt of Coromandel, in the Eaſt-Indies; and it is remarkable, that one of his victories was gained very near to the ſame ſpot where Colonels Baillie and Fletcher were defeated.

So may before the Britiſh Lion fall
Hyder, ferocious Tiger of Bengal!†

Where Hercules' renowned pillars ſtand,
Firm bound of Europe's and of Afric's land:
Where Calpè's rock‡ laughs at the threatening waves,
While round his baſe, old Ocean foams and raves:
Turn, martial Goddeſs! turn, with glad ſurprize,
And view an object worthy of thine eyes.
Behold thy ELLIOT, with his little band,
Two mighty Monarchs'* blended powers withſtand.
Amid ſurrounding dangers, brave, ſedate,
And nobly ſtruggling with the ſtorms of fate,

In

† That celebrated Eaſt-Indian manſlayer, Hyder Ally, though comparatively a civilized warrior, hath been guilty of ſome cruelties and outrages, in and after his victories, that may authorize the language of poetry, in comparing him to the Bengal-tiger, the fierceſt animal of that ſpecies in the known world. And as one inſtance, Hyder's pride and cruelty, in the ſevere confinement of Colonel Baillie, is ſaid to have occaſioned the death of that brave officer.

‡ The eminence on which Gibraltar ſtands was anciently called Calpè. This enormous rock (at the higheſt point on the Mediterranean ſide, nearly 1400 feet perpendicular) made one of the fabulous pillars of Hercules; and Abylè (now Apes'-Hill,) a mountain on the oppoſite coaſt of Africa, formed the other.

* Kings of France and Spain.

In action valiant, and in Council ſage,
Like Homer's Neſtor, vigorous in age§.
O for a Bird of Mæonian† wing,
To aſcend the Heaven of Verſe, and ſoaring ſing!
Then ſhould old Tarif's‡ mountain live in ſong,
Like Priam's Troy, begirt almoſt as long*.
The Lay would fail, and tedious were to tell,
What various fortune in the ſiege befel;
What ſhips of fire‖ with deſperate intent
Againſt new Mola's naval ſtores were ſent:

Their

§ Gen. Elliot, tho' at this time very active, and capable of bearing fatigue, is paſt his grand climacteric, and in the 64th year of his age.

† Mæonii carminis alite. HOR.

‡ About the year 713, the antient and claſſical name of Calpe was by the Moors changed into that of Gibal-Tarif, in honour of Tarif, otherwiſe Tarik, their great General: "Gibal" in their language ſignifying a mountain; and hence, by corruption of ſound and orthography, by the Spaniards called Gibraltar, viz. the mountain of Tarif.

* Gibraltar hath been cloſely beſieged ever ſince the beginning of July, 1779.

‖ Soon after Rodney relieved Gibraltar (in the year 1780,) nine fire-ſhips, by the direction of Don Barcelo, were ſent off from the harbour of Algeziras, under favour of a dark night, with an intent to burn the ſhipping and naval ſtores at the New Mole; but the Spaniards being diſcovered by the guard-boats of the garriſon, before they were half over from their own coaſt, immediately ſet fire to their fire-ſhips, and made off in their boats; and there being a perfect calm, theſe flaming caſtles burnt harmleſs to the edge of the water.

Their burning planks, in ambient waters, drench'd,
And ineffectual fires in Ocean quench'd:
How oft the ſkilful foe with bombs aſſail'd*
Th' Herculean fortreſs, and how often fail'd:
What balls, what ſhells unnumber'd flew in vain,
While Britiſh Batteries unhurt remain:
Like Tydeus' ſon†, and Ithacus‡ the wiſe,
How Ross and ELLIOT§, in the night's diſguiſe,

Led

* At the time that Admiral Darby relieved Gibraltar (in the year 1781) the bombardment, which began on the 12th day of April, continued very violent for three months; during which time the Spaniards expended upwards of 150,000 balls and 60,000 thirteen-inch ſhells, to very little purpoſe: only about 120 men were killed, and about 250 wounded in the garriſon; but the houſes in the old town were damaged to the amount of about 80,000l.

† Diomede and ‡ Ulyſſes, in their Adventure. IL. 10

§ On the 27th of November, 1781, General Elliot artfully contrived to make a a ſally from the town: and though he attended in perſon, General Roſs commanded the party. Late at night, when the moon was ſet, they marched ſilently out of the Land-port gate, and formed, after paſſing the Inundation; they proceeded directly to the enemy's advanced works, carried them with the loſs of only three or four men, and ſome others ſlightly wounded; and after ſpiking the cannon and mortars; deſtroying the Mill-battery, and ſetting the timber-works on fire, they marched back by the ſame way that they came. This great and daring enterprize was executed in leſs than two hours.

——— dolus, an virtus, quis in hoſte requirat? VIRG.

Led choſen troops, beneath the ſilent ſhade,
In ſleep oppreſs'd the hoſtile camp t' invade‡.
Like ſheep from nightly wolves, th' Iberians* fly,
Some captive yield their arms‖, ſome wounded lie,
And the white ſands are tinge'd with purple dye.
Turn, martial Goddeſs! turn, with glad ſurprize,
And view a proſpect worthy of thine eyes;
In blood-ſtain'd garb, inſatiable of war,
Deſcend, O Goddeſs, from thy fiery car;
On Calpè's cloud-capt rock§, thy form diſplay,
Behold the wonders of the earth and ſea;
Where crowded thouſands†, on yon' hills appear,
Sits Expectation eager in the air:
Below in order rang'd along the main,
The numerous fleets of haughty France and Spain,

With

‡ The officer of the Spaniſh guards was ſo confident of being uninterrupted, that his report of "all well," for the Commander in Chief at the camp, was ready written and ſigned, upon the table, to be ſent at the break of day.

* Iberia, ancient name for Spain.

‖ Beſides the number of the enemy killed and wounded, two officers and eleven ſoldiers were brought in priſoners to the garriſon.

§ The top of the rock of Gibraltar is generally ſurrounded with clouds, even in the cleareſt and brighteſt day.

† Previous to the attack on Gibraltar by the floating batteries, as well as the time of the attack, the neighbouring hills were crowded with ſpectators.

With waving pendants, and with idle pride,
In threatening ſtate, magnificently ride,
While, with their mighty bulks, they ſhoulder off the tide.

What armed hoſts* on yon' ſmall neck of land,
Beneath their rapid feet excite the whirling ſand?
Where Ocean reddens with the riſing morn†,
What floating bulwarks on the waves are borne?
Wondrous their ſtructure, and unuſual ſize,
On their ſhorn decks, nor maſts nor ſails ariſe,
Unweildly, dragg'd by labouring oars along,
Their low-built roofs with hides envelop'd ſtrong:
On whoſe wet ſpringy backs all efforts fail,
The ponderous balls rebound, and bombs in vain aſſail.

* Thirty thouſand Spaniards, and twenty thouſand French, the flower of the armies of both nations, under the command of the Duc de Crillon, Comte d'Artois, and Prince de Naſſau, were encamped upon the Iſthmus, which joins the rocky Peninſula of Gibraltar to the Province of Andaluſia in Spain. And the narrow Iſthmus being covered with looſe white ſand; in any ſudden gale of wind, or any rapid marching, the Spaniards were almoſt ſuffocated in the atmoſphere loaded with flying ſand.

† The floating batteries made their firſt appearance againſt Gibraltar on the morning of the 13th of September. Theſe floating batteries, made out of old ſhips cut down, were ſo conſtructed as to be impregnable every where but through their port-holes.

From their vaſt wombs, the brazen§ rows of death,
Thro' narrow ports‡, diſgorge their flaming breath.

Where thunders burſt from yon' Iberian lines,
Like Trojan Paris, what gay hero ſhines?
Of his high race and ſplendid lineage vain,
In brilliant habit, 'mid the youths of Spain;
Ambition's dreams, his airy thoughts inflame,
While his young pride of heart, and Grandſire's fame‖
Still add freſh fuel to increaſe the flame.
CRILLON, experience'd ſoldier†, ſcarce reſtrains
Th' impetuous ardour in his princely veins.

Hear'ſt thou the dreadful cannons' ceaſeleſs roar
From ſtony vaults reverb'rate thro' the ſhore?
Where Spaniſh lines, and floating caſtles pour
Againſt fixt Calpè's ſides an iron ſhower;

And

§ Braſs cannon. ‡ Port-holes.

‖ Comte d'Artois, younger brother to the French King, grandſon of the Grand Monarch Lewis XIV, is (what the French call *un belle homme*) a very genteel figure, about five feet eight or nine inches high, and twenty-five years of age: his couſin, le Duc de Bourbon (a volunteer in the ſervice) is a year older.

† That celebrated French General, le Duc de Crillon, is about fifty-five years old.

And Britiſh engines from their ſtation high*,
Directing thunders downward thro' the ſky,
For vollies, vollies rapidly return,
Amid ſurrounding ſmoke, the mountain ſeems to burn.
So, where the hoarſe-reſounding Ocean laves
The craggy mouths of rough Sicilia's caves,
Inflamed Ætna, ſtruggling for a vent,
(Sulphureous vapours in her caverns pent)
With ſound terrific, hurls tempeſtuous fire,
While wrapt in ſmoke the eddying flames aſpire;
Wide o'er the waves the maſſy fragments fly,
The ſolid earth recoils, and ruin threats the ſky.
Firm and unawe'd ſee thy brave ELLIOT ſtand,
And nobly animate his little band.
Prepare'd alike to conquer or to die,
Vulcanian labours with quick hands they ply:
On forges heated, flaming balls they throw,
In fiery tempeſts on the foes below:
Rapid and furious, ſparkling thro' the air,
They enter uncloſe'd ports with horrid glare,

* In reference to the height of the Engliſh batteries, on the eminences of the rock of Gibraltar: one in particular is ſo exceedingly high, that it is called the Sky-battery.

With martial mien ſee where thy veteran ſtands,
Diffuſive of himſelf inſpiring all his bands:
Like Homer's Hector, when he threw his fire
Amid a thouſand ſhips, and made all Greece retire:
Or Virgil's Turnus, when, on Latium's ſtrand,
Fire'd by Lavinia's love, with mighty hand,
Amid the Trojan ſhips, he toſs'd the flaming brand.
Parent of Heroes, rich in Science lore
Exult, O Scotia, on thy hardy ſhore,
View thy old Warriors' valiant deeds outdone,
Behold, and glory in thy modern ſon;
Far-fame'd Edina*, in her claſſic lays
And lively tunes, ſhall ſing thy Hero's praiſe;
Thy vocal hills ſhall ſend his name around,
Thy winding vales ſhall ELLIOT's name rebound,
And well-pleaſe'd Echo ſhall repeat the ſound.

The youthful flames, grown ſtrong, dilate their courſe,
Th' enormous hulks blaze, conſcious of their force.
In their ſwift ſkiffs the crowding Chiefs retire†,
While their aſſociates to the waves and fire

Are

* Edinburgh.

† Prince de Naſſau, a very active officer, about thirty-three years old, one of the laſt officers that quitted the burning batteries, narrowly eſcaped with life.

Are doom'd—deſtruction waits on either ſide,
Here the remorſeleſs flames, and there the raging tide.
However mercileſs the fire or wave
Victorious Engliſhmen are ever brave,
Nor leſs incline'd to conquer than to ſave.

Angels benign look down, in CURTIS ſee‡
Th' exceſſive ardour of humanity.
Yield ye proud annals! of old Greece and Rome,
And own your nobleſt worthies overcome:
He, who the world, and his great ſelf ſubdue'd,
Such godlike generoſity never ſhew'd:
Imperial Cæſar his fall'n foes forgave,
But dare'd not riſque his life his fallen foes to ſave.
Heroic Pair, CURTIS and ELLIOT hail!
If aught the powers of mighty verſe avail,
Your blended names ſhall ſound in Poets' ſtrains,
While Engliſh honour lives, or Calpè's rock remains;

‡ The late Brigadier, now Sir Roger, Curtis, by an unparalleled inſtance of perſonal intrepidity and humanity, at the very great riſque of his own life, ſaved ſeveral Spaniſh officers, and ſome hundreds of common men, from periſhing in the burning batteries: but, notwithſtanding all humane endeavours, between 4 and 5000 Spaniards periſhed in the deſperate attack, and 11 floating batteries were burnt. Sir Roger, a native of Wiltſhire, was introduced into the ſea-ſervice under the patronage of the late Lord Feverſham; and is at preſent about 36 years of age.

With rays congenial, like twin ſtars ſhall flame,
And ſparkle in th' æthereal ſpace of old Heroic fame.

Turn, martial Goddeſs, turn thine ardent eyes
On angry Ocean, where black ſtorms ariſe*;
With raging winds, where waves contending roar,
And foaming daſh the loud-reſounding ſhore.
Behold, diſgrace'd, and ſcatter'd o'er the main,
The vaſt Armada of proud France and Spain:
Confeſſing Britain's ſovereign pow'r and right,
The winds and elements for Britons fight.
What diſtant ſhips on mountain billows riſe,
Now ſink in Ocean's vales, now mount into the ſkies!
Look where the towering Enſigns float in air,
And recognize thy kindred Lions there.
From the beleaguer'd fort glad ſignals greet
The near approaches of a Britiſh fleet:
Soldiers whom nought but Hunger could annoy,
Extend their famiſh'd throats, and ſhout for joy.

Impell'd

* The great ſtorm (in which the Spaniſh and French fleets were ſo much damaged, and the St. Michael, a Spaniſh ſhip of war, was driven under Europa Point, and taken by the garriſon) happened on the 10th of October; the ſtorm continued great part of that night and the next day, during which time Lord Howe arrived off Gibraltar.

Impell'd by favouring winds, and rapid tides,
Adown old Gibal's§ Straits the friendly navy rides.
The ſafer ſhores of Afric ſoon they reach,
And fix their anchors in the ſheltering beach.
Meanwhile the veſſels of a lighter weight†,
Safe in the deſtine'd port, diſpoſe their precious freight;
While plenty ſmiles on the exhauſted ſhores,
Diffuſing ſtrength'ning food, and warlike ſtores.
Turn martial Goddeſs! turn with eager eyes,
Take thy laſt view, and re-aſcend the ſkies,
Behold a ſcene of pleaſure and affright,
Of aweful terror, and ſerene delight.
Yonder lo! downward drives the God of day,
And Ocean reddens with his parting ray‡;
While virgin Cynthia, riſing heavenly bright,
Mildly diffuſes round, her borrow'd light:

The

§ The current always ſets in, from the Atlantic Ocean through the Straits of Gibraltar, for the Mediterranean.

† Three of the tranſport veſſels got into Gibraltar during the ſtorm, but almoſt all arrived between that and the 20th, when Lord Howe had a partial engagement with the Spaniſh and French fleets.

‡ The evening of the 20th of October was one of the cleareſt and moſt delightful evenings known in that part of the world for ſome time; and after the ſun was ſet, the moon ſhone out very clear. The battle, or rather ſkirmiſh, began between five and ſix o'clock in the evening, and ended about ten at night.

The ſwift-wing'd tempeſts tire'd, forget to roar,
The weary waves beat faintly on the ſhore;
The winds more gently breathe (their fury ſpent),
In expectation of the great event.
In fierce array, on one ſide, ſee! advance,
The Fleets combine'd of haughty Spain and France;
While here, leſs numerous*, the Engliſh fleet
In ready order ſtand, their vaunting foes to meet.
The vaunting foes far off diſplay their rage,
Nor in the cloſer conflict dare engage:
Reſponſive balls each Britiſh veſſel ſends,
Prudence with valour join'd, their courſe defends.
Succeſsful, and adorn'd with luſtre bright,
They neither ſeek, nor ſhun the needleſs fight:
Their vict'ry Gibal's harraſs'd troops confeſt,
They ſave'd the fortreſs, ſuccour'd the diſtreſt,
Nor, 'till deſcend the ſhades of ſilent night,
Britons conſtrain'd deſiſt from glorious fight.
With the firſt bluſhes of the riſing morn,
Cordova's§ mighty fleet, on billows borne,

To

* Lord Howe had only 36 ſail of the line. The Combined fleets conſiſted of 48 ſail.

§ Don Lewis de Cordova, Admiral of the Spaniſh fleet, is above 60 years old, and a man of great naval Reputation.

To their own realms with wounded ſides reſort,
And ſeek the ſhelter of their native port‡;
While HOWE, with juſt applauſe*, exalts his name,
And adds this triumph to his former fame.

O Muſe of Glory, ceaſe thy full career,
Lamenting ſee Misfortunes in the rear,
Sadden the joyful Annals of the Year.
Thou ſaw'ſt on wondering Ocean's watery field,
The faireſt ſhips of France to RODNEY yield:
Behold thoſe ſhips† in whirling eddies loſt,
Or various o'er the wild waves tempeſt-toſt.
Thou, who each Planet in its Orbit guide'ſt,
While round the Sun, on wings of light, thou ride'ſt,
Stop, ruling Angel, in thy rapid round,
And, at thy Solar-ſyſtem's utmoſt bound,

For

‡ Cadiz, or Calcs.

* Though the fight was ſuch, that the victory was claimed by both ſides, it is very clear that Lord Howe acted the part of a wiſe and able commander; and he was ſo far ſucceſsful, that he did all that was intended for him to do, ſince he moſt effectually relieved the Garriſon of Gibraltar, and detached part of his fleet to the Weſt-Indies.

† At the time of the firſt edition, the fate of the Ville de Paris, Glorieux, Hector, &c. &c. was not preciſely known in England.

For one ſhort moment, from thy native ſkies,
View the concluding year with fav'ring eyes:
Beyond the ſearch of NEWTON's heav'nly eye,
Behold ambitious HERSCHEL dare to ſpy
(Aided by wond'rous Optic Glaſs) from far
The dim faint ſplendours of the GEORGIAN STAR‡.

O, Patriot Muſe! conclude the lengthen'd ſong,
To thee conciſe prophetic ſtrains belong;
By the inſpire'd, thy Augur glad, I ſing:
Peace o'er th' Atlantic ſhall extend her wing,
And Europe's Nations bend, to Britain's Patriot King.

‡ Mr. Herſchel, by means of a moſt curious Optic Glaſs of his own invention, hath diſcovered an immenſely diſtant Planet, which apparently belongs to our Solar ſyſtem; and which is ſuppoſed to perform its revolution round our Sun, once in an hundred years. At ſuch an inconceivable diſtance, far beyond Jupiter or Saturn, the ſhining of this ſtar muſt appear very faint, even through the medium of the beſt-conſtructed Teleſcopes, to a ſpectator ſituated on the ſurface of the Globe of the Earth. Mr. Herſchel, (from Horace's happy phraſe of "Julium Sidus," in compliment to Julius Cæſar,) hath named this Planet Georgium Sidus, in compliment to his preſent Majeſty.

Addreſſed

Addreſſed to Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON,

On reading his Lives of the Engliſh Poets.

—— —— nec tarda ſenectus
Debilitat vires animi, mutatve vigorem VIRG.

LIKE fame'd Longinus, in a green old age
Warm with the Critic's fire, and Poet's rage,
From unexhauſted pen, you claim applauſe,
As with a ſhield, protect fair Virtue's cauſe:
Champion of wit and taſte, unknown to yield,
Like old Entellus*, the vaſt ceſtus wield,
And reign grand Victor in the letter'd field.
Like Jove's cœleſtial Eagle ſoaring high,
The Sun of Verſe, in nearer view, you ſpy,
'Mid dazzling ſplendours darken'd ſpots deſcry.
As Beauty's Queen, from her ſon's† wondering eyes
Diſperſe'd the cloud‡: ſo, in Poetic ſkies
You

* Stat gravis Entúllus, niſeque immotus eodem.
VIRG.

† Æneas.

‡ —— omnem, quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat viſus tibi, et humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam —— ——
VIRG.

You drive the dull malignant vapours hence,
A fairer æther to the view diſpenſe;
And give the radiant God of Wit to ſhine,
To warm with heav'nly fire the tuneful Nine:
You raiſe the ſight to his meridian ray,
And on young Fancy's eye-balls pour the day.
Thus, the delighted readers clearly view
The pow'rs of mighty ſong outdone by you:
Not Bards, in laſting Fame, with you can vie,
Bards, in their ſtrains, give others not to die,
You crown the Bards with Immortality.

IMPROMPTU,

Addreſſed to the late Dr. WILSON, *on reading his publication of the Works of his Father, the good* BISHOP *of* SODOR *and* MANN.

ON antient Grecia's celebrated coaſt
The ſongs of mighty Homer had been loſt,
Had not the foreſight of the Spartan† ſage
In one fair volume fixt the wandering page.

When Virgil ſung on Latium's warlike plains,
Tucca* and Varius ſav'd th' heroic ſtrains.

To lead the youth in Virtue's arduous way,
The ſtern Lycurgus read th' Homeric lay.

The Roman ſages reſcue'd from the flame
Virgil's unfiniſh'd Verſe, to ſave the fame
And laſting honour of the Roman name.

The

† Lycurgus, the famous lawgiver of Sparta, firſt collected the ſcattered rhapſodies of Homer into a volume; and this he is ſuppoſed to have done from an idea that the martial ſpirit of the Iliad would co-operate with his deſign of forming a military commonwealth.

* He and Varius, contrary to the injunctions of Virgil, publiſhed the laſt ſix books of his Æneid; which the author, out of extreme modeſty, had by his will deſired to be burnt, as not having received his laſt correction.

Thy patriot mind, O pious WILSON! far
Tranſcends the Grecian's or the Romans' care.
Thou, ever zealous for thy country's good,
Sublimer objects haſt at length purſue'd;
And, by this tranſcript of thy father's mind,
Advanc'd th' eternal welfare of mankind.

PROLOGUE

To a Dramatic Entertainment, written by the ingenious DAVID WILLIAMS, *ſome years ago, and then intended to have been performed at* Coleman's *Theatre: the ſcene of which lay in* Wales.

WHILE devious playwrights at a diſtance roam,
Our rural Bard ſeeks nature nearer home;
While they draw portraits of romantic Kings,
And paint an image of unreal things,
Obſcure the human intellect in miſts,
Of things which do not, nor ſhall e'er exiſt;
Unpleas'd with affectation's tinſel hue,
He offers ſimple nature to your view;
He boaſts no draughts from Helicon's fam'd fountains,
He courts his muſe upon the bleak Welch-mountains.

Well-

Well-pleas'd in any time or age to find
The real picture of untutor'd mind,
And genuine characters of rude mankind.
Realms unſubdue'd originals afford,
Where manners yield not to the conquering ſword;
Such ſtubborn ſoils exotics never know,
Hardy and native, plants and manners grow.
Rough and unconquer'd Cambria yet remains,
Improvement ſcorns, and ſcorns the victor's chains.
No deviation ſince the ſtate begun,
While each brave ſire begets as brave a ſon.
A barrier here the Roman eagle knew,
Nor o'er her ſky-bound mountains ever flew.
His ſtandard Julius never rais'd ſo high,
Nor dare'd his legions mount ſo near the ſky.
While Saxons, bloody Danes, and Norman race
England's fair fields and pleaſant meads deface;
Cambria (ſecure in native rocks) withſtands
Their ſavage fury and wide-waſting bands:
Nor hills alone the antient ſtock poſſeſs,
But fertile plains the generous natives bleſs,
Amid her vales, where ſuperſtition reigns,
Reſides ſimplicity; and love maintains
His gentle empire o'er the ruſtic ſwains.

In robes of native innocence array'd,
Admit from this Arcadia one plain maid,
To charm the critic's rage and ſcorpion's ſting,
Her untaught ſong the ſimple nymph* ſhall ſing.
If on her bluſhing efforts wits ſhould frown,
She ſupplicates the mercy of the town;
Rejected here ſhe'll tremblingly retire
To the fond arms of her good aged ſire.
Her views ambitious henceforth all forgot
And leave the forlorn bard to take his lot,
Whether his colours ſtronger grow or fainter,
His occupation's a poetic painter:
Sometimes a wilder mental view he draws,
Unaw'd by rigid critic's nicer laws;
To the mind's eye exhibits hills and vales,
A rude rough outſketch of his native Wales.

* All this part of the Prologue alludes to a ſong and ſome other circumſtances of the perſons of the Drama.

THE

THE 64th PSALM,

Paraphraſed from the Original Hebrew.

O GOD of Jacob! liſten to my prayer
Which I in anguiſh of my mind prefer;
While raging waves of malice round me roll,
From all unfriendly* fear preſerve my ſoul;
May ſeraph-wings of Mercy, ſpreading wide,
Screen me from ſcoffers' inſolence and pride:
In vain their cutting tongues they whet, like ſwords,
And ſhoot their keeneſt arrows—bitter words;
The daſtard rout maintain not open fight,
But war beneath the banners of the night;
With hand unerring guide the winged dart
In ſwift deſtruction to the blameleſs heart.
And unperceive'd they think no danger near,
Quick in their aim, they ſtrike and laugh at fear.
Strong in the †exerciſe of fraud, they lay
Their treacherous ſnares in guileleſs Virtue's way.

 And,

* Literally from the Hebrew.

† The original ſays:
" They ſtrengthen to themſelves an evil word or thing:"

And, in ſucceſsful villainy grown bold,
Say to themſelves, what eye ſhall us behold?
From their dark ſouls' foul depth ſprung every thought,
And what their hearts conceiv'd, their hands have wrought.
But, Iſrael's God of armies, from on high,
(While with red Vengeance flames the angry ſky)
With his right hand the fiery bolt ſhall throw,
And cruſh the offenders to the realms below:
Curſe on their heads the ſons of ſlander bring,
And, 'gainſt themſelves, like ſcorpions, turn their ſting.
They, 'mid the ragings of infernal fire,
With venom'd tongues ſhall hiſs, not fated to expire.
To each the dread example ſhall appear,
While all exclaim the hand of Heaven is here:
Myſterious guilt to open view reveal'd,
The great Avenger cannot be conceal'd:
Then, firm in conſcious joy, the righteous band,
Exulting in their innocence, ſhall ſtand.
Thy final judgment ſhall the nations own,
And trembling bend, JEHOVAH! to thy throne;
While Juda's bards round Sion-hill rejoice,
And in full chorus join with Angels' heavenly voice.

N. B. It

N. B. It is remarkable that the Hebrew word "Elohim" in the beginning of this ſacred Ode, in the common tranſlation rendered "God," is of the plural number; and ſometimes ſignifies "Angels, or heavenly powers;" whereas the word tranſlated "God," at the end of the Pſalm is, "Jehovah," the incommunicable name of the Jews. The tranſlator had therefore once adopted this opinion, and begun, "Ye powers angelic," that the hymn might (as he then thought) appear more in its primitive beauty, as it would admit of a fine climax; ſince the Royal Pſalmiſt would begin with an addreſs to "the heavenly choir," and end with the more dignified name of Jehovah; but, on recollection, it ſeems that the Jews never worſhipped angels or ſeraphs: and further, though Elohim be a plural noun, the verb that is joined with it is of the ſingular number, ſo that the firſt interpretation may be rather forced. However it is even yet preſumed, that the intended climax is not entirely loſt, ſince David, according to the preſent conſtruction, firſt invokes the Deity as the tutelar God of the Jewiſh nation, and concludes by addreſſing him as Jehovah, the univerſal God of the whole earth: but it not being clear that this peculiarity in this Pſalm has been noticed by any tranſlator; the opinion is delivered with all that diffidence which ſhould ever accompany novelty of ſentiment.

AD

AD VENEREM.

The 30th Ode, 1ſt Book of Horace,

(The Dedication of Glycera's Chapel.)

O Venus, Regina Cnidi, Paphique,
Sperne dilectam Cypron, et vocantis
Thure te multo, Glyceræ decoram
Transfer in ædem.
Fervidus tecum puer, et ſolutis
Gratiæ zonis, properentque nymphæ,
Et parum comis ſine te juventas,
Mercuriuſque.

N. B. When HORACE wrote this little Ode, he was (according to Sanadon) about 46 years of age. The beauty of the original conſiſts chiefly in the choice of delicate images, and in the harmonious verſification; both which are very difficult to be retained in any modern language, under the diſadvantageous circumſtance of rhime; particularly in a tranſlation ſo cloſe as the preſent.

TRANSLATION.

OF Cnidus'* Queen, and Paphos' Iſle,
Scorn thy lov'd Cyprus for a while:
To Glycera's fane repair:
With incenſe ſhe invokes thy name,
Erects a temple to thy fame,—
Reſide with pleaſure there.

Warm with love's torch, let thy young ſon,
And Graces,‡ with their looſen'd zone,
Attend with ſprightly mien:
Let beauteous nymphs, in laughing glee,
And youth, (unpleaſant without thee,)
And Hermes† cloſe the train.

* Here Venus had a temple, for though ſhe was worſhipped at Paphos and at Cyprus; her ſtatue by Praxitiles, was exhibited at Cnidus, a city of Caria.

‡ It is with ſingular propriety that Horace ſums up in this little ſonnet with ſuch conciſeneſs, the whole retinue of Venus—for the Roman ladies celebrated their domeſtic ſacrifices with a great deal of pomp and magnificence.

† Hermes or Mercury, the God of Eloquence, is very properly introduced at the Court of Venus, the well-known Goddeſs of Beauty; a modern wit might add, that even now the *exhibition* of *Mercury* frequently follows the *myſteries* of *Venus*.

Addreſſed to C. W. BAMPFYLDE, Eſq. *of* Heſtercombe, *in* Somerſetſhire, *on his going to* Bath, *(in the Spring-Seaſon) ſome few years ago, to drink the Waters for the Recovery of his Health.*

GENIUS of Bladud's healthful ſpring,
Deſcend with healing on thy wing;
In aid of Med'cine's feeble art,
Thy wond'rous energy impart:
As erſt Judæa's angel ſtood,
And mov'd Betheſda's ſacred flood:
So thou, with vernal ſol conſpire,
To raiſe each mineral virtue higher;
Thy choiceſt influence kindly ſhed,
With chearful Health crown *Bampfylde*'s head.
With luſtre re-illume his eye,
Bid racking gout and languor fly;
The ſtomach's genial warmth excite,
And wake its nerves to appetite.
Bid ſhivering palſy diſtant ſtand,
And ſtrength adorn the painter's† hand.

Ye

† Mr. BAMPFYLDE was very juſtly celebrated for his ſkill in landſcape-painting.

Ye ſtreams of Bladud, as ye riſe
In exhalations to the ſkies,
Your breath of incenſe kindly bear,
For *Bampfylde*'s health preſent the prayer:
And may the prayer, diſpers'd by no rude wind,
Before th' Almighty throne acceptance find,
And long his life preſerve, to bleſs the human kind.

THE ANATOMICAL KNOWLEDGE OF HOMER.

(IN A COURSE OF LETTERS.)

LETTER I.

SIR,

AS you expreſs a deſire of forming a correſpondence on literary ſubjects; my love of ſcience, propenſity for writing, and retired ſituation, may perhaps induce me to write as long letters as you may have patience to read. Reſpecting the ſubject of our laſt converſation:—it has been often aſſerted, that Homer underſtood anatomy.—Having lately attended anatomical lectures, as delivered by the cleareſt demonſtrator in the known world, I am now reading the Iliad with this particular view.

You may perhaps be a little ſurprized at firſt, to find the words uſed by Homer, expreſſive of the different parts of the human body, to be nearly the ſame as Dr. W. Hunter uſes in his anatomical demonſtra-

tions; but this phænomenon is eaſily reſolved, when we conſider, that the common language of antient Greece is now adopted as the ſcientific in our medical ſchools. Homer, however, could not have preciſely the ſame learned ideas annexed to the ſame words; ſince he could not poſſibly underſtand the minutiæ of anatomy; the ſcience itſelf not then exiſting. And indeed Hippocrates, at a much later period, had little knowledge of the component parts of the human body under diſſection, further than the bare ſkeleton; but the divine poet, in this matter, as in every thing elſe, copied from nature; and has in a wonderful manner diverſified the wounds and deaths of his heroes; deſcribing them in ſuch a manner, that he renders his readers almoſt ſpectators. And every wound, that in its own nature is mortal, is generally deſcribed as ſuch; and no chief ever makes a ſpeech, when expiring, unleſs his wounds admit of that privilege: there is ſcarcely a ſingle inſtance to the contrary in the whole Iliad; as you will find, if you read the original Greek; though I am ſorry to obſerve, that there are many very glaring ones in Pope's (otherwiſe moſt beautiful) tranſlation; or as it may with more propriety be termed "modernization" of one of the moſt antient poems

poems now in being. Pope ſomewhere obſerves, that Homer is rather too critically nice in theſe reſpects: As his tranſlator, however, he has ſufficiently obviated this objection by his own practice; though, in his Eſſay on Homer's Battles, he very ingeniouſly remarks, "that Homer has varied theſe deaths by the ſeveral poſtures in which his heroes are repreſented, either fighting or falling; ſome of which he ſays (as every other perſon muſt ſay) are ſo exceedingly exact, that one may gueſs, from the very poſition of the combatants, whereabout the wound will light; others, he ſays, are ſo peculiar and uncommon, that they could only be the effect of an imagination, which has ſearched through all the ideas of nature; and ſuch is the poſture of Medon, in the 5th Book, whoſe arm being numbed by a blow on the elbow, drops the reins that trail on the ground; and then being ſuddenly ſtruck on the temples, falls headlong from the chariot, in a ſoft and deep place, where he ſinks up to the ſhoulders in the ſands, and is a while fixed by the weight of his armour, with his legs quivering in the air, till he is trampled down by his horſes."

So much for ſenſible, elegant and judicious Pope! but reſpecting my humble ſelf, the blaze of

poetry, that every where ſhines and burns throughout the beſt poems in any language; like the ἀκάμαντον πῦρ, or the unwearied fire on the Helmet of Diomed, as deſcribed in the beginning of the 5th book, dazzles my eyes in the proſaic reſearch that I am now making: however, I can clearly ſee the beautiful propriety of circumſtances and conſequences attending every wounded ſoldier. It may not likewiſe be improper to conſider a little the very imperfect ſtate of medicine at the time of the Trojan war; no medical diſtinctions were then eſtabliſhed; the ſame men were both ſurgeons and phyſicians; as we find exemplified in Podalirius and Machaon, (the two ſons of Æſculapius) who acted as ſurgeons general to the Grecian army. Their ſimple practice conſiſted chiefly in extracting darts or arrows, in ſtaunching the blood, by ſome infuſion of bitter herbs, and ſometimes they added charms, or incantations; which ſeemed to be a poetical way of hinting, that frequently wounds or diſeaſes were cured in a manner unaccountable, by any known properties they could diſcover either in the effects of their rude remedies, or in the then known powers of the human body to relieve itſelf. On peruſing the Odyſſey (which, though it does not contain

contain the terrible graces, ſublime images, and animation of the Iliad, is perhaps equally or more entertaining by the calmer, but not leſs beautiful, pictures of the ſimplicity of the heroic age, and the pleaſant ſcenes of rural and domeſtic life, which it copiouſly exhibits) I perceive in Homer's deſcription of the wound which Ulyſſes, when young, received in his thigh from the tuſk of an enraged wild boar, that the effuſion of blood was ſtopped by incantations or divine ſongs, and ſome ſort of bandage which muſt have acted by preſſure. If any verſe could have acted as a charm, the very verſe that deſcribes the wound, might have as good a right to ſuch a claim as any other; but, in what manner the ſurgeons of antient Greece, before the diſcovery of the circulation of the blood, might apply bandages for the purpoſe here mentioned, is not eaſily to be explained; though doubtleſs theſe bandages muſt have acted like a tornequet, which is now the moſt effectual remedy for compreſſing a wounded artery, and thereby ſtopping an hæmorrage.

I cannot conclude this letter without obſerving, that the phraſe of "biting the duſt," ſo often applied to the dying warriors; and what Shakeſpear's Falſtaff humourouſly calls "grinning honour," is a juſt, but

horrible, picture of nature in her laſt agonies. Virgil has diverſified this phraſe in a variety of expreſſions; but by the addition of "*moriénſq; ſuo ſe in vulnere verſat*," which is ſo happily expreſſive of the contorſions and writhings of the body from the extreme anguiſh of a painful wound; he has in this, as in ſome other few inſtances, evidently improved on his great maſter.

Yours, &c. &c.

N. B. This letter was written before the death of the late Dr. W. Hunter, with whoſe friendſhip the author was honoured, and to whoſe memory he wiſhes to pay every tribute of reſpect.

LETTER II.

AOIMO' Σ,

OR,

The PESTILENCE in the GRECIAN CAMP.

SIR,

SOME hiſtorical writer acquaints us, that a peſtilence did actually happen ſome time during the ten years ſiege; and the fact is highly probable in itſelf, for I am bold to conjecture (though ſuch fact has not been

been recorded) that a famine, the uſual forerunner of this malady, muſt in ſome degree or other have previouſly exiſted. This appears pretty clear; for the narrow Iſthmus of the Troad (though very fruitful) could never have been any thing like ſufficient for ſupplying ſo vaſt an army with proviſions, both within and without the walls of Troy. And in further confirmation of this opinion, we find that the Grecians employed the firſt nine years almoſt entirely in foraging and plundering the neighbouring countries.

The antient theory of the plague, may appear in this enlightened age, perhaps, rather more a matter of learned curioſity than of medical improvement,—Thucydides, who ſo feelingly deſcribes the plague at Athens, gave his opinion that it originated from Æthiopia; whereas we are now informed by ſome well-authenticated accounts of recent travellers, that it ſeldom or never exiſts in the torrid regions: however moſt of the antient philoſophers affirmed that it was generated from heat and drought: you may remember that the laſt plague in Portugal ſucceeded a very dry and hot ſeaſon; and as it could not be traced from any foreign part, and did not ſpread any further in Europe, it was by phyſicians, entirely attributed

to

to that cauſe. Hippocrates, as far as I can underſtand him, ſeems to deſcribe two ſorts of plagues; and the moſt common he particularizes by the word "λοιμὸς," the very identical one that Homer makes uſe of; and tells us, that when it originates from noxious vapours of the earth, it affects animals which feed low on the ſurface of the ground; but when it is brought with the higher current of the air, birds are firſt infected; (however, without reflecting on the divine old man of Cos, it is no eaſy matter to become acquainted with the diſorders of birds that fly wild in the air). The above is the doctrine of the moſt enlightened ſages of antient Greece, at leaſt ſoon after the days of Homer. I need not tell you that Greece borrowed her philoſophy, her religion, and perhaps even the rudiments of her language from Egypt. Homer is well known to have travelled into that country, and no doubt he ſtudied their hieroglyphics; and, as a poet, availed himſelf of their allegories.—Let us hear him, who, according to Horace,

Nil molitur inepte,

ſpeak for himſelf—

Ἐννῆμαρ μὲν ἀνὰ στρατὸν ᾤχετο κῆλα θεοῖο

During nine days (in the bold phraſe of poetry) the

arrows

arrows of the god, viz. the rays of the ſun, marched through the Grecian camp: (and agreably to Hippocrates' idea, we are told in a few verſes before, that they firſt invaded mules aud dogs)—in plain Engliſh, there were nine hot dry days ſucceſſively; moſt probably accompanied with a continental wind; for dry winds in that part of the world can only proceed from a large tract of land; for did winds ſet in from the ſea, rain or moiſture muſt enſue. That Homer attributed the peſtilence to the effects of the ſun, is apparent from all circumſtances. The Grecian army made their application to Chryſes, the prieſt of Apollo (or the Sun), and concluded their luſtrations, and religious ſupplications, with a ſacrifice to the ſame deity.

You are a much better geographer than myſelf, but as well as I recollect, (for I write every thing from memory, having few or no books to conſult in this retired ſituation) Smyrna, the conſtant ſeat of the plague at this time, on the coaſt of Aſia, is nearly in the ſame latitude, and not very far diſtant from antient Troy. There is a ſtigma affixed to the plague, like that of the lues venerea, which every country is aſhamed to acknowledge originated from itſelf: however,

however, for many reaſons I am inclined to believe, that the plague originated from the ſoft and luxurious regions of Aſia, or Ægypt itſelf; and from the cloſe analogy between the vegetable and animal world; as blights from eaſterly winds deſtroy proſpects of fruits on trees in this kingdom, I think the faſhionable doctrine that animalcula are the cauſe of the plague, highly probable; though, the doctrine is by no means new, ſince it was adopted many years ago by both an Italian and a French phyſician; who, like Linnæus, were inclined to impute many diſorders to theſe inviſible incorporeal agents. However, it is enough for my preſent purpoſe to add, that the above circumſtances mentioned in the Iliad were likely to produce the effect Homer deſcribes.

As he was a good anatomiſt for the times in which he lived, it is my real belief, that in thoſe countries, through which he travelled, he acted in the two-fold capacity of bard and phyſician; and I am the more confirmed in this opinion, from the conſiderations that ſuch itinerant practitioners of medicine are, even to this day, not uncommon in thoſe very regions, through which Homer travelled, at ſo early a period.

POSTSCRIPT.

POSTSCRIPT.

ON more particular enquiry, it appear that, from whenceſoever the plague may have originated, Conſtantinople is at preſent the grand nurſery for its propagation; where it is almoſt always prevalent, like the ſmall-pox and meaſles in London, Paris, and other large and populous cities. And this unhappy circumſtance is in a great meaſure to be attributed to the Muſſulmen being ſo infatuated by the doctrine of fatality; that they make no ſcruple to ſell the cloaths of the deceaſed by public auction; and thereby ſeem to ſet more value upon an old coat, than upon a young and healthy ſubject. It is ſaid, (as might be reaſonably expected) that the plague is moſt rife in Conſtantinople in the ſummer-ſeaſon; whereas it is a little extraordinary, that it ſhould ſpread moſt during the winter-months in Egypt, where it is generally epidemic once every four or five years, and if I remember rightly, generally abates, or entirely goes off, at the ſeaſon the Nile over-flows, which happens generally in the ſpring, or beginning of ſummer: it is likewiſe reported that the plague is ſo far like the ſmall-pox or meaſles, that the ſame people ſeldom have it more than

than once. If this fact be true, it is a ſtrong confirmation of J. Hunter's doctrine, that the ſtimuli of moſt poiſons, loſe, in a great meaſure, their effect, after the conſtitution has been habituated to them. In what manner the Jew or Armenian phyſicians, reſident at Conſtantinople, (for the Turks have none of their own,) treat this malady, I have never been informed. But it ſeems highly probable that the Peruvian Bark (if taken in ſeaſon) might be as effectual, as it is found to be in other malignant fevers. And as the plague has been epidemic in London, ſince the diſcovery of that noble medicine, it ſeems wonderful, that inſtead of the old abſurd method of bleeding, the ſagacity of Sydenham ſhould never have led him to the application of it in this moſt malignant diſeaſe; and more particularly ſo, ſince it is apparently remitting, if not ſtrictly intermitting.

LETTER

LETTER III.

AGAMEMNON's WOUND.

SIR,

I Continue to write to you, without any regular order, concerning (if ſuch an expreſſion may be allowed) the Homeric wounds; and you are now referred to that of Agamemnon in the 11th Book, which, in my humble opinion, is a ſtrong proof of my aſſertions in a former letter, in more points than one. Homer, as you may remember, found it abſolutely neceſſary in this book, to deſcribe the Grecians flying from the Trojans: and, to ſave the honour of his countrymen, he contrived to wound ſome of his firſt-rate heroes in ſuch a manner as might oblige them to retire from the fight, but not endanger their lives. Accordingly he narrates, that Coön, a Trojan warrior, darted (ἀκόντισε) unperceived at Agamemnon, and hit him, κατὰ χεῖρα μέσον, on the middle of the hand, under the ancon,

or elbow; and that the point of the ſhining dart came out at the oppoſite ſide.

The thrilling ſteel tranſpierc'd the *brawny* part,
And thro' the *arm* ſtood forth the barbed dart.

POPE.

Read a few lines further, and you will perceive how the original is a picture of nature, and how the tranſlation is otherwiſe. Homer ſays, that Agamemnon continued fighting while the warm blood flowed from the wound; but when the wound was dry, and the blood ſtopped, as Pope in that place beautifully tranſlates,

Then grinding tortures his ſtrong boſom rend,
Leſs keen the darts the fierce Ilythiæ ſend.

The Ilythiæ, you well know, were the Goddeſſes that preſided over child-birth. In plain Engliſh, therefore, when from the lacerated tendons of the hand irritation took place, he felt pains equal to a woman in travail. Whereas, from Pope's deſcription, the Generaliſſimo of the Grecian army would have been effectually maimed in his arm, but no violent or painful ſymptoms would have followed from the diviſion of a muſcular part. In proof of the irritation that muſt enſue from the wound deſcribed, you may recol-

lect

lect that that horrible ſymptom, the lock-jaw, does very often follow from wounds in the hands and feet, in hot climates; and ſometimes even in ours.

You, who are ſuch a maſter of the Greek language, need not be told that χεὶρ, derived from the old Greek verb χῶ, to hold, is very unequivocal, and the appropriated word for 'hand,' in all Greek writers. I am therefore ſurprized to find, that in the Latin proſe-tranſlation affixed to Clarke's moſt judicious and accurate edition of Homer, it ſhould be rendered 'brachium;' the Greek word for arm is βραχίων, from which the Latins formed their 'brachium.' Further, the author puts this meaning out of all diſpute, in theſe following words, in another part of the Iliad.

χειρὶ δ' ἰλὼν ἐπίζε βραχίονα ———.

Clarke, in his preface, tells us, that ſome part of the Latin proſe-tranſlation was his own; and that ſome parts underwent his corrections, I do him the honour to ſuppoſe that this part was neither the one nor the other. In all probability the error in the tranſlators proceeded from their not conſidering that the hand was capable of being turned in all directions, ſo that the point of the dart might naturally come out in the direction of the elbow; but at any rate, as it

appears beyond all diſpute, that it muſt have gone through the hand, I think the difficulty, if any, may eaſily be removed in another way; for one of the bones of the arm, (ulna) was by ſome Greek writers called ancon; and as the conjunction of this and the radius form the carpus, we may ſuppoſe that by the dart's coming out under the ancon, may be meant under the wriſt. But of thoſe two opinions

Utrum horum mavis, accipe.

P. S. Since the above letter was written, I find, on a peruſal of Lord Monboddo's volumes, that his Lordſhip thinks that Clarke ſometimes miſtakes the ſenſe of Homer. Whether he has or has not miſtaken the paſſage in queſtion, I could wiſh to appeal to Monboddo himſelf, who is perhaps the firſt Greek ſcholar in Europe: and for the anatomical propriety of Agamemnon's wound, I could wiſh to refer to J. Hunter, Sheldon, or Cruicſhanks, the three moſt eminent anatomical ſurgeons of the age.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

THE DEATH-WOUNDS OF SARPEDON AND HECTOR.

SIR,

WERE you an undertaker, inſtead of a practitioner of medicine, I would endeavour to treat you with a rich repaſt, no leſs than the funerals of two heroes—a ſon of Jove, and the godlike Hector. Jupiter is ſaid to have honoured the death of his ſon with ſome prodigies; and Homer, following the example of his ſupreme deity, has rendered the death ſomewhat wonderful; though all within the verge of poetical probability; but his tranſlator has rendered it miraculous.

According to Homer, Sarpedon, that amiable champion in the Trojan cauſe (almoſt the only hero whoſe morals were perfect, and who really deſerved the epithet "*αμύμων*, blameleſs," often promiſcuouſly

beſtowed upon ſome others) was mortally wounded by Patroclus.

—— ἵνθ' ἄρα τε φρένες ἔρχαται ἀμφ' ἀδινὸν κῆρ'—IL. B. xvi.

"Where the præcordia ſurround the denſe heart:" I think the nerve of the diaphraghm is called the phrenic—a proof that the diaphragm was conſidered as a part of the præcordia, or φρένες: φρὴν, (a primitive noun) in the ſingular number ſignifies mind—whereas, φρένες, in the plural, is a little ambiguous; ſometimes retaining its primitive ſenſe, and ſometimes (as it moſt undoubtedly does in this place) ſignifying the parts about the heart. Attend to the tranſlation.

—— Patroclus' never-erring dart,
Aim'd at his breaſt, it pierc'd a mortal part,
Where the *ſtrong fibres* bind the ſolid heart.

By theſe *ſtrong fibres* can be meant nothing but the component parts of the heart; for the pericardium that ſurrounds it is by much too ſlender a membrane to admit of ſuch a deſcription; ſo that here you perceive the ſpear (according to Pope) is infixed in the heart itſelf.

Much has been ſaid and written concerning the powers of that noble muſcle; but its phyſiology is not even yet perfectly known, nor its powers perfectly

fectly aſcertained. I have heard a ſtory, apparently well authenticated, of ſome anatomiſt diſſecting an old ſoldier, on the ſurface of whoſe heart there was a viſible cicatrix, or ſcar, and conſequently there muſt have been a previous wound.—Shakeſpeare ſays, "when the brains were out, the man would die;" and I am taught to believe, that when the heart is pierced through, the man cannot live even a minute; whereas Sarpedon, after receiving his death-wound makes a ſpeech, ſhort indeed, but as collected as any in the whole Iliad, and every way worthy his celeſtial parent. Homer adds further, that when Patroclus extracted the ſpear, the præcordia followed or were extracted together with it; and that immediate death enſued.

Proceed we next to the Death-wound of Hector; (he and Sarpedon were ever two of my favourite heroes. I admire the terrible Achilles, but do not like him.) You ſhall be troubled with no more Greek quotations in this letter; but are referred to the paſſage itſelf.

This death-wound, in my opinion, is very naturally and anatomically deſcribed, both in the original and in the tranſlation. I have now no leiſure to be particular.

particular.—According to Homer, the Pelian ſpear penetrated the throat, (where there is the quickeſt* paſſage for the ſoul, from the effuſion of blood; for one or both of the carotid arteries, and jugular veins, muſt be divided in conſequence of ſuch a wound;) but did not divide the wind-pipe, conſequently did not deprive the unfortunate ſon of Priam of the power of making that pathetically-heroic ſpeech, which he is ſaid to have delivered; capable indeed of affecting every heart, but that of the inexorable ſon of Peleus.——Pope has well rendered this paſſage throughout, and happily preſerved the peculiar circumſtance alluded to.

Nor pierc'd the windpipe yet, nor took the power
Of ſpeech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.

Noble Hector! the Engliſh Homer has done thee juſtice, on thy death at leaſt, and

Peaceful ſleep thine and Sarpedon's ſhade!

O fortunati ambo! ſi quid—carmina poſſint,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.

VIRGIL.

* Homer was authorized to make this aſſertion, on account of the nerves likewiſe; ſince the par-vagum, or eighth pair, that ſupplies the heart itſelf, (together with ſome other nerves,) paſſes very cloſely by the arteries. ſo that the diviſion of a nerve, by any ſharp inſtrument, might occaſion ſpeedy death, independent of the effuſion of blood from wounded arteries or veins.

LETTER

LETTER V.

THE COMPLICATED WOUND OF ÆNEAS.

SIR,

I Follow no order, as I told you at firſt, reſpecting the wounds in Homer. In this letter I beg to call your attention back to the 5th Book of the Iliad, as meaning to conſult you, on the complicated wound, contuſion, and fracture of Æneas; he being very roughly uſed by Diomede, who (according to the faſhion of the rude heroic age) threw at him a fragment of a rock, which no two men (ſuch as lived in Homer's days) could carry; with this he hit the Trojan prince on the hip, where the thigh-bone is turned in the ſocket, which, Homer ſays, men call the cotylè—fractured the ſocket-bone—burſt both the tendons—and the rough edge of the ſtone ſtripped off the ſkin.

Where

Where to the hip th' inſerted thigh unites,
Full on the bone the pointed marble lights;
Thro' both the tendons broke the rugged ſtone,
And ſtripp'd the ſkin, and crack'd the ſolid bone.

Pope has here done almoſt all that any tranſlator, in Engliſh rhime, could do to preſerve the ſenſe of the paſſage: he has, indeed, in rather vague terms, "crack'd the ſolid bone," without ſpecifying what bone; whereas the original identifies the cotylè, acetabulum, or ſocket-bone of the Iſchium; but he has moſt correctly rendered τρὸς δ' ἄμφω ῥῆξε τένοντε· "thro' both the tendons broke," hereby preſerving (what he ſeldom elſewhere does) the beautiful diſtinction of the Greek dual-number; in Clarke's Latin tranſlation, 'ambos diſrupit nervos.' Now it is rather unlucky for this interpretation, that, though the Greek word νεῦρον, ſignifies promiſcuouſly nerve or tendon, the noun τενων, (theme τεινω, to extend) never ſignifies any thing but tendon, in its ſtrict and proper ſenſe: what ſenſe either Pope or Clarke affixed to theſe expreſſions, is nowiſe clear, or whether they had any preciſe meaning; and only tranſlated verbatim; but I own it has puzzled me to find out what thoſe tendons are and where ſituated. The other circumſtances of the wound are clearly and anatomically deſcribed.

Now if the admired editor of Homer had any particular meaning by his two nerves, he muſt manifeſtly allude to the two crural nerves, viz. the poſterior and anterior. But I believe it is now pretty evident, that Homer, in thoſe early days, could have no notion of any ſuch diſtinction; the nerves being the very laſt parts that were diſcovered from anatomy, the bones being the firſt, and the muſcles the next in the order of diſcovery. From the mention of cotylè, I at firſt thought Homer might poſſibly allude to the two ligaments that keep the thigh-bone in its ſocket, viz. the teres, or round ligament, and the capſular; but when we conſider that the latter obtained its name from the reſemblance of a purſe, it can never be expreſſed by the word tendon. Theſe tendons, therefore, muſt certainly be the origins or extremities of ſome muſcle; let us then examine all the neighbouring muſcles:—If I remember rightly, the biceps cruris riſes tendinous by one (its longeſt portion) from the tuberoſity of the os iſchium, and by the other from the linea aſpera of the os femoris (I diſlike the repetition of technical terms when they can be avoided, but they are more excuſeable when addreſſed to a gentleman of medical ſcience). I am

ſomewhat

ſomewhat afraid, however, that the preſent ſcientific diſtinction of the muſcles was little known before the time of Galen.—You may remember there are two other little muſcles, called by ſome anatomiſts gemini, didymi, or twin-muſcles; that are ſituated near the head of the thigh-bone: poſſibly theſe thin muſcles may be what Homer means by the two tendons. So much for the injury received:—What ſhall we ſay of the cure?

You may obſerve, that Æneas, after a very ſhort time, returned to the fight as vigorous as ever. Let us conſider a minute what was done in ſuch a complicated piece of miſchief, from a ſtone as big or bigger than a mill-ſtone.

In the firſt place the wound is trifling—the contuſion extenſive—two tendons of ſome ſort or other are ruptured. Hippocrates, in his Aphoriſms, tells us that the νευρον, (I believe that is the word he uſes) when cut through never unites together again: by the word νευρον he clearly means a tendon; for he had little or no notion of the nervous ſyſtem. Yet we now find, by experience, that if the divided extremities of tendons be kept in contact, they do coaleſce and reunite. But this is not the worſt of the buſineſs in the

the preſent caſe; for the cotyloid cavity is likewiſe fractured, and that violently too, if I rightly conceive the force of the verb, "θλάσσε," in the original.

In a ſimilar caſe, I think a conſultation of the moſt eminent ſurgeons in Europe, could expect little more than to ſave the life of the patient; with perhaps a ſtiff joint, an emaciated, contracted, or paralytic limb. Homer ſurely never deſcribed the wound as curable in itſelf; he knew anatomy and antient ſurgery too well. During his travels, or perhaps in his own practice, he had ſeen fractures of this kind, by bruiſes from heavy ſtones, in the antient combats; but as probably he never knew ſuch an injury removed by human means, he very opportunely called in the aſſiſtance of ſuperior agents. The mother Goddeſs firſt attempted to ſave her ſon, and afterwards Apollo himſelf carried him off in a cloud; placed him in a temple of his in Troy, and gave him over to the care of Latona and Diana: theſe Goddeſſes might be very good nurſes; but the ſpeedy cure could be performed by no body but the God of medicine himſelf.

LETTER VI.

(Continuation of the fifth Book.)

WOUND OF VENUS, AND OF MARS.

SIR,

WHAT in the name of wonder have we here? a Goddeſs and a God wounded by a mortal! The God no leſs than the tremendous Mars, running away and roaring like a bull-calf, and dolefully‡ complaining to father Jove, for a wound inflicted from the mortal arm of the ſon of little Tydeus. You often ſeem to reflect upon my enthuſiaſm for Homer; you now may perceive the imputation is unmerited. I muſt be blinder than the poet himſelf not to ſee the abſurdity of this paſſage; which, in my humble opinion, is one of the moſt exceptionable in the whole Iliad, and which tranſcends even poetical probability. Homer nods

‡ "—— ὀλοφυρόμενος ——"

nods here, if ever he did, for he tells us that Minerva, the Grecian goddeſs of diſcretion, when ſhe opened the eyes of her favourite hero, to diſcern gods from mortals, reſtrained him ſtrictly from attempting to wound any of the Celeſtials, except the Goddeſs of Beauty; whereas, read a little further, and you will perceive that this identical Minerva herſelf directs the ſpear of Diomed againſt the God of War. If this deſcription will not ſtand the teſt in a poetical light, how will it be tolerated in a religious ſenſe? for you will remember, that the bulk of the Grecian people (not ſo their philoſophers) actually believed in the exiſtence of a Venus, a Minerva, and a Mars; and worſhipped them as exiſting Deities. It was probably for ſome ſuch reaſon, that Plato (the poetical philoſopher) excluded poets from his common-wealth; and it was from this paſſage, and ſome other ſuch, that Homer bears the imputation of making his gods men, and his men gods. Read what I call Diomed's penitential recantation, in his reply to the ambaſſadors of King Latinus, as beautifully narrated by Virgil, and you will find that Diomed there attributes all the miſeries of his life to his raſhneſs in wounding Venus; and I cannot help thinking,

but that under the perſon of Diomed, the judicious Virgil tacitly reprobates this outrage of his great maſter. He no where imitates this paſſage—the moſt original character, and perhaps beſt ſuſtained in the Æneid, is that of the "contemptor Divûm Mezentius" —here he had a fair opportunity for imitation, but he never exhibits this "ſcorner of the Gods," as endeavouring to encounter with any of them.

Milton likewiſe, (who cloſely copies, and ſometimes literally tranſlates Homer,) has avoided this abſurdity: he has, indeed, with beautiful propriety exhibited the prince of the fallen angels, as wounded by the ſword of Michael. This was angel wounding angel; but he never introduces Adam as attempting to fight with, or to wound an angel; though Satan, in the 9th book, ſeems to entertain a little apprehenſion from his ſtrength and perſonal courage, by calling him "foe not informidable." I do not pretend to underſtand the anatomy of gods and goddeſſes, (as none of them ever died, none were ever diſſected) but the wounds themſelves, as far as I underſtand them, are naturally enough deſcribed: Venus is wounded in the hand, near the wriſt, and Mars in the bottom of his belly.

Homer

Homer ſays, the Gods are, 'ἀναίμονες,' bloodleſs; but that they have a ſingular kind of immortal blood, ἀμβρόσιον αἷμα which he calls ἰχὼρ, that flows from their wounds: but it ſhould ſeem that the wounds of his gods do not heal ſpontaneouſly; for Dioné cures the wound of Venus, and Jupiter orders Pæan (his houſhold ſurgeon) to cure the wound of Mars, which he did, by applying "ὀδυνήφατα φάρμακα," anodyne medicines.

What ſhall we ſay upon the whole of this buſineſs? I think it may be aſſerted, that the poet's pen, like the ſpear of Diomed, "μαίνεται ἐν παλάμῃσι," rages, or is mad in his hand. I hope, however, that the great God of War, by divine aſſiſtance, got free from all ill conſequences of his wounds; though if you will excuſe a ludicrous idea, I often think that this ſaid wound of ~~Diomed,~~ Mars, from its ſituation and ſome other circumſtances, bears ſome little analogy with the wound of Uncle Toby.

I have very often had occaſion to remark Pope's great inferiority to Homer; but in this whole paſſage reſpecting Diomed's outrage on Mars, he, by a little happy deviation from the ſtrict ſenſe of the original, has in my opinion, given a tranſlation greatly ſuperior.

 P. S. I am

P. S. I am glad to find that my opinion reſpecting the little pair of muſcles, has your ſanction. On recollection, theſe certainly muſt have been injured in ſuch a contuſion, ſince one or both of theſe tendons are inſerted into the neck of the thigh-bone. You, on the authority of Winſlow, call them gemelli; you may perceive that almoſt every anatomiſt makes, in ſome meaſure, a new diſtribution of the muſcles, and gives them new names. If the faſhion continues for half a century, every muſcle will have as many names as it has fibres. What will be the end of this innovation? Will not the multiplicity of names diſtract the mind of the young ſtudent, and deter him from the further ſtudy of myology? My friend Dr. W. Hunter, in his anatomical demonſtrations, reprobated this innovation, which he calls new-chriſtening of the muſcles; is he not in the right?

You rather miſconceive my meaning, in one part of a former letter; Homer moſt aſſuredly never heard of the eighth pair of nerves, or perhaps of any other nerve, in the ſenſe we now underſtand them: he knew from obſervation and experience, that any conſiderable wound in the throat would occaſion ſpeedy death. It is my belief that Homer attributed this to the effu-

ſion

ſion of blood entirely, though unacquainted with it's circulation—he knew facts, and that was ſufficient. You know much better than myſelf, that it is poſſible for an anatomical ſurgeon to puncture, with a ſharp inſtrument, ſome of the nerves that paſs along the throat, and occaſion ſpeedy death, with very little effuſion of blood. I introduced the mention of the nerves, therefore, as a collateral proof that a wound in the throat would make, in Homer's phraſe, "a ſpeedy paſſage for the ſoul;" but never meant to inſinuate, that he knew thoſe nerves or their office.

LETTER VII.

MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE OF HOMER.

SIR,

A Propos! of grief-alleviating medicines!—I muſt now, however, in one reſpect, uſe the liberty that Shakſpere does in the drama—break all the unities of time, and place, and carry you in imagination to the

the court of Menelaus and the far-famed Helena, (turn to the 4th book of the Odyſſey); you will find her employed in infuſing a certain drug in the wine ſhe gives to her gueſts, the ſon of Neſtor and the ſon of Ulyſſes. This pleaſant beverage has been called in the Latin and in the Engliſh language nepenthè; though Homer ſtiles it φαρμακον νηπενθες,* the grief-aſſuaging medicine, uſing the word νηπενθες as an adjective only. What this medicine might be, has puzzled the commentators. Read Homer's beautiful deſcription of its powers, and conſider its temporary effect, (for he confines its operation to the ſpace of a day) and your penetration will ſuggeſt, that the medicine could be nothing but opium, or ſome infuſion of the poppy; a plant, whoſe juice is even now imported from Turkey, and abounds in Egypt. In this paſſage, I catch Homer deriving his knowledge from that moſt antient people the Ægyptians. He tells us, that the beautiful Helena, while ſhe was in Egypt with her huſband, learned the uſe of this potion from Polydamna, the wife of Thôn, an Egyptian king.

Now the fact is, Homer learned it himſelf from ſome of the Egyptian phyſicians. Herodotus ſays, that

* Derived from νη, ſignifying privation, and πενθος, grief.

that Egypt abounded with phyſicians of all ſorts, and records a fact worthy of attention; that the ſame phyſicians then, did not, as they now do, attempt to cure all diſorders indiſcriminately; but that there was a particular phyſician for almoſt every diſeaſe; and that there were particular phyſicians or ſurgeons for the diſeaſes of the ears, eyes, and teeth, (ſo that the tribe of our modern dentiſts has a very antient origin). It appears further, that opium was uſed in the days of Homer, (at leaſt in the court of Sparta,) as it is now by the Turks, neither as a medicine nor as a poiſon, but as an article of luxury; by means of its exhilirating quality.

Homer beſtows the greateſt encomiums in all parts of his works on poets and practitioners of the healing art—a collateral proof that he himſelf was both—read the following, and reverence yourſelf.

Ἰητρὸς δὲ ἕκαστος ἐπιστάμενος περὶ πάντων
Ἀνθρώπων· ———

This quotation admits of a two-fold conſtruction. Either—each intelligent phyſician is to be eſteemed above all men,—or, each phyſician is ſkilful beyond all men; adopt which ſenſe you pleaſe.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

REMARKS ON THE GREEK LANGUAGE.

SIR,

I Am by no means ſo good a judge of the Greek tongue as you ſuppoſe me to be: but the word "μυῶν," a muſcle, is generally derived from the primitive noun "μῦς," a mouſe; but I could almoſt wiſh to be authorized to derive it from the verb "μύω," to contract; for though the firſt etymology expreſſes its form, the latter moſt happily expreſſes its action. Indeed the language of Attica aptly expreſſes almoſt every idea of the human mind. The rays of genius ſeem to have ſhone on that happy ſpot, like the rays of the ſun concentrated in the burning glaſs; and her natives ſeem to have formed their language on the ſame principles

principles of taſte as they formed their ſtatues: let us purſue the compariſon a little.

The Farneſian Hercules, for inſtance, expreſſed almoſt every poſſible perfection of ſtrength and ſtability, without heavineſs; and the Apollo Belvidere an equal degree of manly beauty, dignity, and elegance, without feebleneſs or effeminacy; and the Venus de Medicis all the female graces and beauty. Greece was proverbially famous for beautiful women; we have, however, no particulars delivered down to us of their ſtature; but, from an analogy with the ſize of modern beauties, one would at firſt be apt to imagine that the Goddeſs of Beauty was ſculptured rather too ſhort of ſtature, for the perfection of the female figure.

The Grecians certainly had finer ears, and finer organs of ſpeech, than other nations; for it is remarkable, that their language, amidſt all its nervous vigour, had no harſhneſs; and poſſeſſed at once the ſtrength of the antient Hebrew, with the ſoftneſs and harmony of the modern Italian; and perhaps might likewiſe rival the boaſted variety of the Arabic. Amidſt a profuſion of other excellencies, the Greek dual number conſtitutes a characteriſtic beauty; though,

though, in my humble opinion, that boaſted dual number would be ſtill more complete, if the termination of the nominative caſe was varied from that of the accuſative, and the genitive from that of the dative. The Latin language wants this number entirely, and though well formed, in many reſpects, is comparatively barbarous. I very much wonder, therefore, how Virgil could work up ſuch ſtubborn materials into ſo much harmony and elegance; for his Georgics throughout, and the 4th and 6th books of his Æneid, exhibit a finiſhing of ſtile, that perhaps never was equalled, and never will be exceeded. The Greek epic poet, however, had almoſt every advantage over the Latin. The Greek language, as improved in Homer's days, (for the poetic ſtile ſeems to have been previouſly eſtabliſhed) poſſeſſed ſuch a rich variety of dialects, and ſuch an unbounded poetical licence, that I hold it to be abſolutely impoſſible to compoſe bad-ſounding Greek verſes, however deſtitute of ſenſe.

Let us examine any individual word in Greek, Latin, and Engliſh, each ſhould be, more or leſs, an echo to the ſenſe; and to try the ſtrength of this obſervation, let us fix upon the identical Engliſh noun-

noun-ſubſtantive "ſtrength,"* in Greek σθένος, κρᾶτος, ἀλκὴ, (for the Greek is ſo far like the Arabic, that it has many different names to expreſs one thing;) all theſe three words, from the poſition of two conſonants together, are ſtrongly ſounding, but at the ſame time harmonious. The Latin noun "robur," from its beginning and ending with the rough letter "r," has a ſtrong continued ſound, but is not harmonious. The Engliſh monoſyllable "ſtrength," from having no leſs than ſix conſonants to one vowel, and an aſpirate at the end, is totally devoid of all harmony; but is exceedingly expreſſive of the idea annexed to it.

Ab uno—diſce omnes.

P. S. Excuſe this digreſſion, and in my next I will pay all due reſpect to your Medical profeſſion, and give you wounds or death, as uſual.

* The appropriated word for ſtrength, in almoſt all modern languages, has a ſtrong, but harſh ſound, viz. in the high German it is "ſtarcke," in the Poliſh "motzna," in the Ruſſian, a ſimilar word, but ſtill rougher. Neither the French nor Italians have any ſtrong word to expreſs the idea; but the Hebrew noun (according to the Engliſh pronunciation) "geboorah," is ſo far like the Greek, that it is at once ſtrong and harmonious.

LETTER IX.

THE DEATH OF ULYSSES' DOG.

SIR,

THERE is a peculiar fidelity and attachment to their maſters, that diſtinguiſhes the whole canine ſpecies, and has ever rendered them to me favourite animals;—they are not ſo with you. But, however, you need be under no apprehenſion from the dog that I mean to introduce to you, (though a tremendous one,) for he has been dead more than two thouſand years. Peruſe the 17th book of the Odyſſey, and you will moſt likely be pleaſed with natural hiſtory, no leſs than poetry. When Ulyſſes, accompanied by Eumæus, entered his palace-yard, the firſt living creature that noticed him, was his old dog Argus, the faithful guardian of the gate; and I am ſorry to add, that he was lying on a dunghill: and what has given

given great offence to ſome faſtidious critics, ἐνίπλεω κυνοραϊστέων, full of vermin. But (as his faculties moſt probably were ſomewhat decayed by age) on the firſt approach of his maſter he did not appear to know him; for he raiſed his head, and erected his ears, partly from anger and partly from ſurprize; yet when his Lord approached near, ἐγγὺς ἰόντα, he, by ſcent, then knew him under all diſguiſe, dropped his ears, and gently moved his tail, in token of gratulation. In this ſituation, (for it ſeems the poor aged animal was too weak to make further advances towards his King) according to the ſtrong phraſe of Homeric poetry, "the fate of black death ſeized him."

Then—

Soft pity touch'd the mighty maſter's ſoul,
And down his cheek a tear unbidden ſtole.

POPE.

The hardened veteran hero, who had ſeen all the horrors of war and deſolation unmoved, was inſtantly affected by this inſtance of canine fidelity.

When we conſider the greateſt poet the world has ever produced, in his mendicant character, and conſider at the ſame time that almoſt all the houſes of the Grecian nobility were, more or leſs, guarded by large

and

and fierce dogs. If we may compare great things with ſmall, we may aſſign Homer's knowledge of the canine diſpoſition, to the ſame principle with that of our noted mendicant, the late Bampfylde Moore Carew, who was ſaid to underſtand dogs better than any man in England.

Argus is deſcribed as of very large ſize, but whether he was a true buck-hound or a greyhound, or what, is not clear; I ſhould rather ſuppoſe the latter, from his name, which ſignifies "ſwift."* Critics object to the advanced age of this animal, for he was at that time at leaſt twenty years old. Ariſtotle, the great naturaliſt and univerſal philoſopher, who lived in Greece, muſt be the beſt judge in this matter; and if I remember rightly from quotation, for I never pretend to have read Ariſtotle's works, he favours Homer's idea of canine longevity. The critics next are puzzled to find out the cauſe of the ſudden death of Argus; ſome ſay he died for joy. The poet had a better reaſon for diſpatching him ſo ſuddenly; for had the dog lived, he would have followed, and thereby betrayed the old king under the appearance of a beggar.

I cannot

* Vide Clarke's Homer.

I cannot help exclaiming—Argus! happy dog! for thou art the only one whoſe death is recorded in the ſame pages with the moſt renowned heroes of antiquity.

P. S. In anſwer to your laſt letter, I now inform you that the juice of the poppy, (in Arabic affion,) firſt obtained the name of opium from Galen; who formed the word from "ὀπὸς," juice, as if he meant to ſtile it *the juice*, by way of eminence; in the ſame manner as modern phyſicians call Peruvian bark, *the bark*, from its ſuperior virtue to any other.

You ſay you cannot comprehend why the Greek word "φρὴν," in the ſingular number, ſhould ſignify "mind," and "φρενες," in the plural, ſhould ſignify "præcordia." I can only account for it this way: that many of the antient philoſophers thought, (a little abſurdly) that the heart, and parts adjacent, were the ſeat of the ſoul. I fancy this was in ſome meaſure the doctrine of the wiſe men of Egypt; the Hebrews were evidently a colony from thence; and there are ſome expreſſions in the Hebrew language that confirm this idea. The Greeks certainly derived moſt of

their knowledge from Egypt; and it is very unfortunate, that almoſt all Egyptian records are loſt.

Galen and Pliny, however, inform us, that the ſcience of anatomy was ſtudied in Egypt at a very early period; and that it was patronized by ſome of her moſt antient monarchs.* The fact is highly probable in itſelf, for bodies could not be embalmed without being firſt opened.

Homer, in his travels through Egypt, certainly gathered the firſt rudiments of his chirurgical, medical, and anatomical knowledge; and of which he made a moſt judicious uſe, in his Iliad and Odyſſey.

* Euſebius, (on the credit of Manetho, an Egyptian,) relates that Athotis, a King of Egypt, wrote ſome treatiſes of anatomy at an incredibly early period, viz. within a few ages after the creation of the world, and the formation of man.

BRITISH MUSEUM 11JA77

AN

ODE

WRITTEN ON

HIS MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL

AT WEYMOUTH,

In the Month of JULY, 1789.

N. B. The reader will recollect that as there were two Editions of the first Volume; the following Ode was in very few Copies, and therefore it is given again in this Volume.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ODE TO THE KING.

I.

THE Nation's loyal vows ſhall not be vain!
Goddeſs of Health, Hygeia! from the main
Wafted by healing breezes riſe;
Aid the mild influence of the Skies:
Expand thy Zephyr's gentle gales
O'er Dorſet hills, and Melcombe's vales:
Pure air from ſtrength'ning ocean bring
Fragrant and freſh for Britain's King:
Pure air inſtinct with native power,
Unſoil'd by noxious herb or flower.

II.

God of the Sea! (whoſe torrents ceaſe to roar,
And in flow tide,
Delighted glide
On Royal Melcombe's* circling ſhore)
From hidden treaſures of thy wealth,
Give that moſt precious jewel—health:

And

* The antient name of Weymouth was Melcombe Regis, or King's Melcomb.

And yield it as a tribute free,
Great Ruler of the deep from Thee:
Eſtabliſh'd health—moſt brilliant gem,
That can adorn a Monarch's diadem.

III.

God of the Sea! ſince George hath deign'd to lave
In thy ſalt-ſtream, and vigour-giving wave:
Brace to new ſtrength his ſcepter'd hand,
Strongly to graſp the Enſign of Command,
And raiſe it high! 'till diſtant realms obey,
And court the umpire of its righteous ſway:
Second to thee, let him controul the main,
But, o'er his Subjects hearts, without a rival reign.

IV.

Great God of Healing, Heat, and Light!
O Sol! elate in beaming car,
In radiant courſe conſpicuous far,
Diſpel invidious Shades of Night,
Reſume thy wonted Splendors bright:
Bid the foul miſts* and vapours fly,
That late obſcur'd thy piercing eye:

Bid

* In alluſion to the dark and gloomy weather at the time the Ode was compoſed.

Bid the ripe corn-fields laugh and ſing,
In joyful ſympathy with Britain's King:
Diffuſe o'er Charlotte's cheek the laſting ſmile,
Thence let the chearing beam illumine Albion's Iſle!

V.

Ye Maids on Pindus' flowery top who dwell,
Attune to dulcet notes the ſounding ſhell:
Exert your magic power, and charms divine,
With roſy-finger'd Morn, harmonious Nine!
Round George's patriot Brow the Wreath of Health to twine.

VI.

While nobler Bards may ſtrike the lyre,
Impregnate with exatic fire!
Permit thy humble votary to bring
His mite of ſong to thee, O King!
E'en as the gentle rivulet of Wey
Rolls his ſmall current to the monarch Sea.

F I N I S.

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